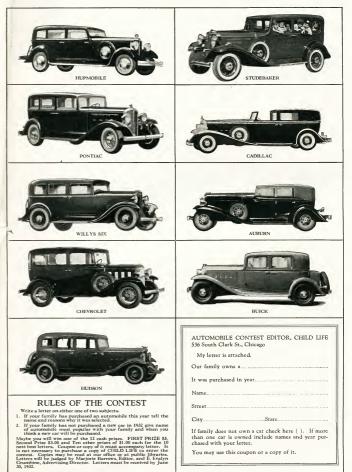


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Volume XI Number VI

## CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

#### Coming Soon

How many of you would like to know JACKIE COOFER, the eight-year-old star of "Skippy" and other popular pictures? Well, you'll feel that you do know him, after you read the message that be has written especially for you in your July Canna Lips.

We are always glad to welcome Rose Fyleman, the well-known English poet, to Chuld Life's pages. And now she has written another lovely poem for you, "Jock O' Dreams," which will appear in your July issue.

D<sup>ON</sup> you love to read about the finning adventures of Bertum and the quere pets he's always bringing bone? Next month you'll find him with a very patriotic-looking red, white, and blue ostrich with the finniny babit of swallowing alarm clocks and other things like that. It's a habit that gets too funny to suit Bertum's papa and then story gets very funny indeed.

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#### Contents for June 1932

Contents for June 1932	PAGE
Cover Design	263
Frontispiece	264 265
Descring by Janet Scott  Letters to Channy  Carleton Washburne	266
The Battle Hymn of the Republic Laura E. Richards  [Buttersline by Just Sout	268
The Moaning Haystack Edith Mason Armstrong	270
The Inn of the Twin Anchors, Part 11 . Augusta Huiell Seaman  Illustrations by Generalese Fester	272
Muggins Mouse Turns White	274
Little Boy Who Didn't Like His Breakfast . Alice Easer Kelly	278
Our Book Friends	280
Read-Aloud Time Funny Noises Grace Noll Crowell The Dog That Wanted to Make Friends Elsie Ball	281
The Sea Shell Fairy Anna Williams Arnett	
Puzzle Joan of Arc	282
Toytown Tattler	283 284

Trecture 1 alses from 1 stationy Frances Note 28
Troptown Tattler
CHILD LIFE Music Contest Anne Faulkner Oberndorfe 28
CHILD LIFE Future Pages Mary Lakel Barber 28
CHILD LIFE Strutter Pages Mary Lakel Barber 28
Our Workshop A. Nody Hall 38
The Well Dressed Child Gender 1. Redmort Leaks 28
The Well Dressed Child Gender 1. Redmort Leaks 282

 In the Shops
 283

 Queer Pets
 286

 Roly Poly Says Good Morning
 Eleanor H. Coeper
 288

 Roly Poly Says Good Morning
 Clare Ingrain Juday
 288

 Clare Ingrain Juday
 Midget-Movies
 Frank B. Cook
 300

 The Buggyille Ball Busters, a game
 John Dubes McKe
 300

175. Machine Indianon, Editor J. L. annualiza, Resignator

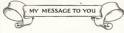
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Good Citizens' League

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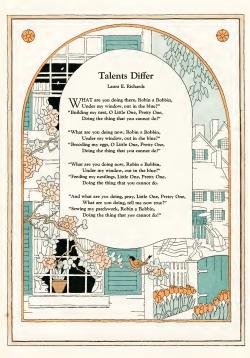


AKE the most of your youth. Sing and play hard and the problems of to-morrow will all the better take care of themselves.

Francis & Sek,









## Letters to Channy

#### A Trip Around the World

By Carleton Washburne

Crossing the Black Sea from Turkey to Russia

DARLING SON:

I told Mother that I wanted the fun of telling you about the trip across the desert. It's a long time since I've written to you, anyway.

First of all, look at the map or globe and find Bagdad and Damascus. They don't look so very far apart because such a little map tries to show such a big world, but it used to take people over a month to ride from Bagdad to Damascus on camels, and it was always a dangerous trip because if you got lost, you might starve or die of thirst. The whole way it is nothing but desert with no grass, no trees and usually no water, for it only rains once in a long time.

Normadius It's not nearly so dangerous to cross the desert beamse people can drive in automobiles. Of course, if they should run out of gas, or if their car should break down, they'd be out of luck, because there are no filling stations and no telephones. The drivers have to know their way awfully well, because there isn't any road, and there are Arab bandite every once in a while. But otherwise it's a pretty sale journey and only takes a little more than a day and a night of fast driving.

Well, we were in Bagdad and we had to go to Damascus. So we had to drive across this desert. On Mondays and Thursdays several cars go at once and a big bus and a couple of mail trucks. There are soldiers with guns in the mail trucks, all the cars are protected from bandits, and if one car breaks down the others can help. But we had to go on Saturday.

"If you do," the police said, "we can't send any soldiers to protect you."

"It isn't very dangerous, is it?" I said.
"Well, it's several months since the bandits have
bothered anyone. If they come after you, tell your
drivers to stop and not fight and give the bandits
everything you have; then they probably won't
harm you. If you insist on going, please sign this

paper saying that it's not our fault if anything
happens
to you."

I signed

the paper and we started out late in the afternoon in open cars, with our eighteen suitcases and bags tied all over the outside of them. We had an ice box inside each car, with some food and water and ice in it. Margaret and Bice and Margie rode in one car with a driver and his helper, while Mother, Florence and I rode in the other.

Soon the city of Bagdad was left behind and we were out on the wide, bare desert. It is made sandy clay and is quite hard and rather bumpy—sometimes very bumpy. All you could see in every direction was just this plain, empty desert, with some little dry bushy things growing far apart, called camel's thorn

Just as the sun was setting we came to a little

The soldierpolice there didn't want to let us go any farther that night, but finally said we could if we would take a soldier along. So a big Arab soldier got into our car with his gun and a belt full of cartridges and after a



while we came to the great Euphrates River. We crossed on a ferry boat, and by the time we reached the other side it was pitch dark. We were driving mund, when suddenly the elike curved, and our driver made a mistake and turned too sharply. Woof—we went right over the side of the dike, almost tipped over, swerved, and came out right side up that the driver of the girl' ear couldn't see what had happened till it was too late, and he went over the side, and his car stude, in the mund at the bottom.

While we were trying to get the car out of the mud, we saw some dark figures slowly stealings toward us, and our soldier stepped into the bright toward us, and our soldier stepped into the bright light of our car with his gan held before him. They came very slowly toward us, and walked in a circle around us, getting closer and closer. Our soldier called to them, they answered and then he saw shook hands with our suard and went away and shook hands with our suard and went away.

Just then, with all of us nushing, we got the car out of the mud, and off we started again. About midnight we reached the last town of the desert where we staved in a little hotel till three in the morning. We left our soldier there, because it would soon be daylight and we thought we would get to Damascus that same night.

We drove for hours and hours. Once we saw a little herd of gazelles, a kind of tiny deer, with white cotton-like tails and thin legs on which they can run like the wind. Our driver chased them with the car just for fun, but they were too fast for us-vou should have seen them scamper across the desert! At two in the afternoon we came to what is called an oasis, a little green snot in the desert where there is some water. Around this place



is a wall to keep bandits out. and a police station, a radio outfit

and a hotel. "It has rained hard on the desert this week," the police said.

You may get stuck in the mud. The automobiles and mail trucks which left Damascus three days ago haven't

got here vet." But just then some of the autos drove up and, thinking that the mud must be getting dry, we decided to go on.

Soon we met the bus and mail trucks that had been stuck in the mud. They were on their way to Bagdad. An American jumped out of the mail "You've got some bad places ahead of von!" he said

About an hour later we came to one of them-a place where the heavy rains a few days before had soaked into the clay and sand and made them all squishy; then the sun had shone on the top and made it look nice and hard. The girls' car was ahead this time and was going so fast it shot through the hidden mud to a drier place beyond. But our driver suddenly felt his wheels sinking and got scared and slowed down! Squish, we were sunk up to our hubs. The girls and their drivers came back and we all tried pushing and pulling, but we just went deeper in the mud. We were still working when the sun set.

You may as well get settled for the night!" our drivers said.

We began to go slow on the food-we only had a little left. We finished up our curdled milk. divided up two oranges and ate some malted milk tablets. The girls gathered some camel's thorn and made a tiny bonfire. We tried to cheer ourselves up, and then put up the side curtains and went to sleep in our cars, sitting up in our seats. You should have heard our driver snore! We wondered whether there were any bandits around, but were too tired to worry much.

It began to get light at about four in the morning;

so we all climbed out of the cars and began beloing the men try to get the car out. The mud was so soft that the only way was to get rocks and build a stone path for the car. But rocks were few and for between We all wandered off in different directions and nicked un every stone we

of us, and the car went!



o'clock we had the car up on the beginning of a rocky path. We all got behind and pushed, while Mother took a movie

Our drivers just whizzed over the desert when they finally got started. But when we had been gone half an hour there was a great big pond of rain water right in front of us. The girls' car was ahead and the drivers thought they saw a good place to cross. They stepped on the gas, and rushed along, when the front car went through the thin crust into the squishiest mud yet! Our driver was far enough behind, so that he turned out of the way and went 'way around to a higher dry place. Then we hiked back to where the girls were.

The stones were harder than ever to find, but we all were used to hunting them now. I took the steamer rug part of the time and made a sack of it for stones. The drivers took boxes and blankets and carried hig loads from 'way off. When everything was ready we started the car very carefully and pushed. It moved a little way, then sank a little. A half an hour more and we had it up and started. This time we got it clear back on dry ground! We all gave a cheer and again we were on our way.

We had thirty-five more miles of mud holes to pass, and the sun was almost setting. Our drivers were terribly tired, but they also had learned to be very careful. When it was almost pitch dark, we passed the last mud hole and came to a little police fort in the desert.

These police said we must have a soldier with us again, for the next part of the journey was too dangerous for us to go alone. So the soldier climbed in with his rifle and machine gun, and hour after hour we bumped and rolled over the dark desert, A little after midnight we came to a French place

[Continued on page 306]





### The Battle Hymn of the Republic

By Laura E. Richards

z. the "Margaret" books, "Mrs. Tree," "Invote Story of Toto," etc.



the readers of CHILD LIFE the story of the writing of my mother's famous hymn. I have so often heard it from her own lips that the task is as easy as it is pleasant. It was in the year 1861.

AM asked to tell for

The great Civil War had broken out, and our country was divided in half. North against South, both sides fighting bravely for the right as they saw it

at the time. We were of the North and lived in Boston, Massachusetts. My father, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, had seen military service in his youth, having served through the Greek War of Independence (1826-30) as Surgeon-in-Chief to the Greek Army. He had now for many years devoted himself to another kind of warfare, that against sickness, poverty, ignorance and misfortune. He was known the world over as a lover of man, a philanthropist (from two Greek words: Philo-lové: Anthropos-man; you might as well learn that now as later). The blind, the deaf, the insane, the feeble-minded, the prisoners, and all who were in any way afflicted or dis-

tressed found in him their friend and benefactor. This being so, it was natural that Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, when he wanted someone to look into the condition of the Massachusetts troops in the field, should turn to Dr. Howe for help and counsel. At his request my father went to Washington in the fall of 1861 and became one of the founders of the famous Sanitary Commission,

the forerunner of the Red Cross. My mother, Julia Ward Howe, went with him. She, too, longed to help her country in its time of need. In Boston she had worked with other women in making and sending hospital supplies and comforts for the soldiers: now she was to find

and do her own work. One day there was to be a review of the Federal troops on a parade ground outside Washington. Governor and Mrs. Andrew drove out to see this, taking with them in the open carriage my mother and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, her friend and pastor.

The review had hardly begun when an alarm was sounded; some Union soldiers near-by had been surprised and captured by the enemy. The review was broken up. Some troops were sent to the rescue of their comrades: the rest were ordered back to the city, and with them went Governor Andrew's party, the carriage driving along at a foot pace, the soldiers marching on either side and filling the roadway, a long ribbon of blue. It was a slow procession. Presently my mother and her friends





began to sing some of the war songs which were all that anyone cared to sing in those days. Her silver voice, which had a rare carrying quality, floated back along the field. Presently they struck into one of the most familiar songs:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave. His soul goes marching on!"

(How many children of to-day know the story of John Brown of Ossowatomie? He had recently met a felon's death, but "his soul goes marching on" still!)

The soldiers all knew this tune, a fine one to march to.

"Bully for you!" they cried. One voice joined in, then another, and presently all were marching and singing in time and tune.

"Glory, glory hallalujah!" Mr. Clarke turned to my mother. "Mrs. Howe," he said, "why do you not write

some good words for that stirring air?" "I wish I might!" said my mother.

She was weary that night, and slept soundly in her room at Willard's Hotel. But she woke early, in the gray of the morning, and found to her amaze-

ment that her brain was already awake and at work. Words were joining themselves to other words, forming themselves into lines, words that glittered like the first beam of morning.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord-

She lav very still. Slowly. inevitably, the words flowed on: the long lines swung into place, forming themselves into stanzas, even as the soldiers had formed in their ranks; swung up to the triumphant refrain: "Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

"He hath sounded forth the trumpets

that shall never call retreat.

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat.

> On and on, still sweeping up to the great climax: "In the heauty of the lilies Christ was born across

the sea With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and

me As He died to make men holy, let us die to make

men free. His truth is marching on."

The song was ended: the rough field song of the marching men had become a hymn of the ages. When all was done, my mother sprang from her bed, searched on the table, found a scrap of paper with the heading, "Sanitary Commission," and a stub of a pencil, and wrote down the hymn. How

often she had done this before. rising in the dark, while watching beside the bed of one of us children, to put down thewords of some song that had come suddenly to her! "After writing the last

words. she said. went back to hed, but not

1861

without feeling that something of importance had happened to me."

In the morning the words had entirely gone from her mind, and she read them, perhaps almost with a sense of surprise. as they lay penciled before her.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic was first printed in the "Atlantic Monthly." The war fever was at such height then that people were not thinking much about poetry, but still the hymn made its impression, and before long found its way to the soldiers, whose singing had been in part the inspiration of it. My mother heard that it was sung by them on the march and on the field,

and was well content. Later, she heard that it had found its way to Libby Prison, where hundreds of Union soldiers were confined; heard how one night. in that dismal [Continued on page 297]

### The Moaning Haystack

By Edith Mason Armstrong

Auchor of "The These Agentus," etc.

THE fire under the big kettle of clam chowder burned merrily. The children and their father and mother and the guests were sitting on the grass in the big meadow in the shade of the baystack.

Everybody was laughing and talking and enjoying the big bowls of soup which Ros, the fifteen-year-old cook, always made on these family picnics. The receipt was his own and included plenty of potato, crackers and fresh green corn, as well as the toothsome contents of the chowder cans.

Edie was very fond of it and had her bowl filled for the second time. "Hold it for me a minute, will you, Lon?" she asked her little brother. "I don't want the crickets to hop in it while I pull down some more hay to sit on."
"All right!" mum-

"All right!" mumbled Lonny, from the depths of his own bowl. "The inside of the

haystack would be a dandy place to hide," Edie went on as she arranged the straw to her satisfaction and began eating again. "Let's do it, the next time we play Chase One, Chose All!"

"Could we get in far enough to make a secret place?" Lonny asked.

"Oh, of course, we'd have to scoop out lots more hay," his sister told him, "but that's easy. An' we could roll up a ball of it and stuff it back in the opening after we were inside so nobody would see us!" Lonny opened his eyes wide. "Oh-ee!" he exclaimed. "I wish we could have a game right away!"

"So do I. I'd like to show the big boys that we can be the last ones caught just as well as any of them. I bet Ros, that we could find such a good hiding place next time that they'd have to call, 'All Sorts Out In Free,' for us!"

As if in answer to their wish, when the picnic was over and the last of the grown-ups had sauntered down the hillside to the house, Ros announced a game of Chase One, Chase All.

Immediately the Mason tribe sprang to its feet, and with shouts of enthusiasm scattered to the four



winds. Indeed, so quickly did the woods, the barn and the tall corn patch hide them, it seemed almost as if the earth had swallowed them.

Lonny and Edie were younger than most of the brothers and sisters who were playing and could not run so fast. But

they did not need to this time. They had already chosen their hiding place and were glad none of the others remained to see them enter it.

"Come on, Lon," said Edie, and they fell to work on the end of the haystack with such a will, it did not take long to hollow out a space big enough for them to climb into.

"Isn't it just a dandy secret place?" exclaimed the little girl, as they scrambled in and pulled after them big bunches of the sweet-smelling dried clover. "They'll never find us even if they look till supper time!"

"Yeth," chuckled Lonny, who was in-

clined to lisp when excited, "and Ros thaid we were so little he'd never have to shout. "All Sorts Out In Free!" for us!"

Chase One, Chase All, the children's favorite game, was just like "I Spy," except for this difference. To be caught, the players had to be tagged as well as seen; and each, as he was found, had to help the one who was if catch the others. At the last, all the players were hunting for one man, or two, if a pair were hiding together.

It was not in reality more than fifteen minutes, but it seemed to the two children in the haystack as if they had been there for hours. Every time they moved, the dust from the hay made them so much higger to Lonny than when he saw them in the field. They jumped harder, too, he complained, and kepst getting down his neck. If it had not been for his sister he would have left the

But she encouraged him. "Don't let's give up now," she argued. "Just think how proud we'll be when we hear them shout, 'All Sorts Out In Free!" "Don't care if they do," muttered Lonny rebelliously. "If another grasshopper gets in my ear, I'm going to give myself up."

I'm going to give myself up."

Edie was trying to think of something to say to reassure him, when a shout resound-

ed from the woods near at hand. The next moment the stack seemed to rock from the impact of scrambling feet, as four or five of the other children climbed up one side of it and down the other.

"Come on out! We see you!"
they called shrilly and were away
through the raspberry patch and
over the stile into the woods before
the startled two, clinging together
in the stack, had more than time
to gasp.

"My," exclaimed Edie, "that was a near thing! I was afraid they really had guessed where we were, but they were only looking for us on top!" She made a little hole in the hay which filled the

opening of their refuge, and peeked out, but by that time, the last hunter had whooped his way out of sight.

"I wish they kad found us!" fretted Lonny, "I'm so thirsty!"

"Put your head in my lap. Perhaps you could take a nap!" suggested Edie, afraid that he would again begin to talk about giving up. Lonny obeyed, and Edie nestled down beside

him. Whether it was the hum of the insects or the drowsy atmosphere which soothed them, it wasn't long before both children had dozed off. It was late when they awoke. They could tell

It was late when they awoke. They could tell that, for the bright sunlight which had come through the little opening Edie had made had gone.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, sitting up suddenly.
"I believe we've been asleep, Lon!"
Lonny rubbed his eyes and blinked. "A funny noise woke me up!" he said. "Did you hear it,

Edie?"
"No, what was it like?"

Lonnie looked rather frightened. "It—it sounded like a moan. There it is now!" he added, clutching his sister's knee.

Edie heard it, too, and caught her breath, for the sound was certainly a moan.

Lonny began to sob. "Wish you'd never thought of hiding in here!"

"Hush! Let's listen!" Edie told him, putting her hand over his mouth. Almost at once the noise began again, and became a series of deep groans, as if something or somebody very close to the two children were in great distress.

Edie glanced fearfully back into the
darker recesses of their
hiding place, as if she
expected to see a ghost.
"Oh, Lon," she whispered, "do you suppose
something else hid

inside here, before we did? Oh, Lon, do you?"

wonder-

Lonny threw himself into her arms in terror.

"A wolf," he whispered back, "or a bear!"

His sister tried to rally her cour-

age and soothe him. "Óh no, Lon, there aren't any wild animals at Delavan except rabbits and squirrels. Perhaps it's just the haystack itself that's making the noise. There it goes again!" She held up one finger, as a particularly loud groan came to their ears.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" sobbed Lonny. "I never heard of a moaning haystack! Take me out, Edie.

I wanna get out!"
"I meant perhaps the wind was

making it creak," said the little girl, trying to be sensible, but another groan silenced her. In a panic she and Lonny both fell to work tearing out the bunches of hay which blocked the entrance.

She felt sorry to give up the chance of winning

She felt sorry to give up the chance of winning the game, but a haystack that monned was a little too much! She was just as glad as Lonny was when they tumbled out on the ground again. As they scrambled to their feet they saw that a

pile of hay, which had not been there when they entered their hiding place, had fallen from the top of the stack to the ground just below it. "I suppose the boys knocked if off when they climbed up to look for us," guessed Edic. "I

But an unexpected sight broke off her speech, and she stood staring, with open mouth, at a roughlyclad shoulder which was sticking out on the other side of the haypile. Somebody was under it!

Such a thing as a tramp had never been seen at Delavan, and the idea would not have entered Edie's head except for the fact that the person, whoever it was, seemed to be trying to conceivablement. It it had been one of the other children, she reasoned, he would have sprung up to tag them the moment they appeared. [Constituted appge 204]



### The Inn of the Twin Anchors

By Augusta Huiell Seaman



called because of the two great ship anchors that top the high square solid pillars at the entrance, is located on a wild strip of seacoast where few winter visitors ever come. So Marcella Danby, daughter of the owner,

The Inn of the Twin Anchors, so

visitors ever come. So Marcella Danby, daughter of the owner, is agreeably surprised when she comes home from school one October afternoon, to find that a boy and girl about her own age have arrived with

their parents to spend the winter at the Inn. Their names are Jack and Jill Burdick, and though their chief pleasure seems to be solving crossword puzates, they soon become interested in Marcella's account of the queer old hermit, who lives down along the dunes, and his strange museum.

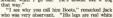
#### Chapter II

THE next
morning,
very soon
after breakfast, the
three children sallied out to the beach
cally scrambling
round among the dunes, searching for treasure-trove

in the way of odd or interesting bottles. They hadn't gone far when they saw that they were being followed by an enormous maltese and white cat, who was stepping pompously along after them, waving a long and plumey tail.

"Thet", was et Beste'." Meaning informed the

"That's my cat, Boots," Marcella informed the new friends. "He often follows me like this, if he's



part of the way up, just like pairs of boots. Isn't that it?"
"You're right!" Marcella laughed. "I didn't

think you'd guess it. He's a loving old goose when

he's a terrible tramp and spends days away in the woods sometimes. He just got back this morning, I guess, for he wasn't about all day yesterday." Boots rubbed against her legs in a friendly gesture and then proceeded to trot along after them when they once more got under way.

got under way.

It was a marvelous October morning, golden with
sunshine, the sea of
sapphire blue breaking on the sand in



crisp, white-maned breakers.

"Gee! I love this," cried Jack, inflating his lungs deeply with the invigorating salt air. "I could stay out here all day. Couldn't you, Jill?"

"I like it too," agreed Jill, "but I'm crazy to see this hermit that Marcella told us about last night. Let's go right now, can't we? Where is his place, anyway? And what's the mystery about him?"

"It's 'way down the beach," replied Marcella, "about a mile. I'll take you there if you like, but we'd better walk along the edge of the surf because the sand's harder there. It isn't easy to walk in sand if you're not used to it. You get awfully tired. And I'll tell you about him as we go along.

"I'm tired right now!" groaned Jack. "I've been climbing up and down those dunes more than you two have. It's good, hard work. Let's go sort of slowly and look for old bottles and things as we go

So they rambled down to where the waves broke on the sand and strolled leisurely southward, keep-

the flotsam and jetsam of many past storms as they went along. Once Jack pounced on a tall, slender old yellow jug with a tiny little handle up near the spout, and almost crowed with jubilation as he

ing an off eye on all

exhibited his find. "Here's the first of my collection!" he shouted. "Isn't it a queer one?"

Marcella hated to tell him that its like was all too common almost anywhere along the beach, so she only congratulated him and advised him to leave it where it was and mark the spot so that they could pick it up on the way back, as he would soon be tired carrying it all the way. And while they rambled along. dodging the waves that threatened to curl round their feet, she told them

what she knew about the hermit of the beach, as he was called.

"Daddy told me his name is really Herbert Seymour, though every one around here calls him Hermit Seymour. That's because he lives all by himself sort of like a hermit, you know."

"They call hermits 'eremites' in the crosswordpuzzle books!" murmured Jill somewhat irrelevantly. "Oh, cut that out," Jack exclaimed impatiently, "They call 'em 'recluses' too, but what's that got

to do with it? Go on with your varn, Marcella! "All right!" agreed Marcella, somewhat bewildered by these occasional wordy sparring matches between the brother and sister. "Well, he's an old man-at least he seems old, for his hair is snow-white and very curly. But he's got nice, twinkling blue eyes and his face doesn't seem old if you don't look at his hair. And he's awfully strong and can walk miles and miles and lift heavy things-and all that. He built the little shack he lives in and the part he calls the museum all by himself, out of timbers that came from the sea. There's loads and loads of lumber cast up on this beach after some of the big, northeast storms, And I told you last night about how he's found or collected all the queer sort of bygone things that belong to the sea-old ship-figureheads and anchors and compasses and bells. He once wanted Daddy to sell him the two old anchors on our gateposts to

put in his collection, but Daddy said he couldn't do that because they'd always been there as long as anyone could remember. and the Inn takes its name from

them." 'But what's the mystery about him?" interrupted Jill. "That's what I'm interested in!"

"I was just getting to that, explained Marcella. "The mystery is that though he's lived here quite a

long time all by himself, no one really knows anything about him. They don't know where he came from or why he lives here all by himself like that, or anything. He never tells anybody anything about himself. But one thing Daddy and I found out about him that I don't

think anyone else

knows. He's very musical and plays beautifully on the violin. We were walking down the beach late

one night in the moonlight and when we got near his shack, we heard the most beautiful music played on a violin. But he must have heard the crunching of our footsteps in the sand, for right away it stopped and didn't go on."

"What kind of thing was he playing?" asked Jack.

"Daddy said he thought it was something from Chopin," replied Marcella, "but he couldn't be sure because we heard so little and it left off so suddenly. It's queer, isn't it, that he won't let anyone know he plays so beautifully. If I could just take lessons and learn to play like that I'd want everybody to hear me." [Continued on page 308]

### MUGGINS MOUSE TURNS WHITE



Mariorie Barrows

NE morning little Muggins Mouse Passed by a big white rat. He stared and stared at him and said, "I'd like to look like that."





SO HE told his friend Susy, And sighed a little sigh. "I'll make you white," she said to him, And winked her nearest eye.

SO SUSY dipped him in a pond
(The pond was wet, you know)
And rolled him in some powder. Then
He was as white as snow!





"KA-CHEW!" cried Muggins, wiping off The powder from his eyes. "Thanks! Now I'm white I guess I'll go And take some exercise."

HE TWIRLED his whiskers proudly And started for a walk. A rooster took one look at him And then began to squawk.

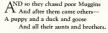




"WHAT silly creature have we here?"
He cackled to his son.
"I do not know, Papa," he clucked,
"Let's see if it can rup."



THEY chased him 'round the henhouse; They chased him 'round a pole; They chased him through the garden and They chased him to his hole.







AT HOME his Daddy spanked him Until the powder flew. "You can't break in my house," he cried.

"A strange white mouse like you!"

"STOP, Daddy, stop!" squeaked Muggins Mouse,

"I am your son turned white!" His Daddy looked and looked at him And said, "Perhaps you're right."





HIS Mother also stared at him And then she gave a cry, And after that she scrubbed him out And hung him up to dry.

UR Muggins went to bed that night
As meek as any lamb.
"I guess that after this," he said,
"I'll just stay as I am."





### A Modern Convenience

By Margaret R. Dickson

URRY up, gang," ordered Editor Theodore Davis. "We've got to get this paper out to-day."

"Aw goe, Ted, have a heart," sighed Bob Thompson, struggling to fill an exceedingly large, blank space. "We're working our heads off for this extra. Why, it's taken me two hours to print four papers and I got all the ads besides."

"Say, if we could only get a typewriter we wouldn't have to print the papers ourselves and that's the hardest part really," Mary, Ted's sister

that's the hardest part really," Mary, Ted's sister and society editor, suggested. "You bet," agreed Helen Brewitt. "A typewriter would be dandy, but we'll never get enough

money to buy even an old one."

The "gang" or, in business life, the "staff" of the North End Star was struggling to put out an extra giving details of the Parke Street roller-skating contest which Tom Hampden had won the afternoon before. It had been an exciting race and really

deserved an extra, the first, in fact, that the Star had ever issued.

Under normal circumstances the Star was a weekly

paper consisting of one sheet printed by hand, sold by subscription at ten cents a month and delivered each Saturday. It generally took the boys and girls all week to have the paper ready for Saturday so they were really put to it to get it out in such a short time.

a short time.

The gang also included Dave Wood and Bob's sister, Jane. These boys and girls were always doing something and having a good time doing it. Just now the Star recuired all their attention.

The Star editorial rooms were in the attic of the Thompson woodshed. Each editor had a stool and box desk and a printed sign giving his full name and position.

In spite of his very distinguished job, however, the editor was sitting on his deak with his feet stretched across to Mary's, indulging in a "jaw-breaker," when he was suddenly interrupted by loud shout from the yard below. Ted went to the window and discovered Dave and Jane coming towards the steps with a heavy, ungainly, black box between them.

"What've you got?" Ted called. "What's that big, heavy doohickey you're carrying?"

Everybody scrambled down the narrow stairs to see what Jane and Dave had brought.

"It's a typewriter!" Jane shrieked.
"A typewriter!" Days echoed

"A typewriter!" Dave echoed.

"A typewriter!" the others all exclaimed. "Where did you get it? Who gave it to you? When did you find it?"

By the time the typewriter, which was of ancient make and very dusty and oily, had been hoisted up to the top of the stairs, everybody knew all about it and

stairs, everybody knew all about it and was excitedly telling everyone else.

Dave had discovered it in the heap of



stuff the Hampdens had cleared out of their attic. He had gotten Jane to help him, and together they had brought their find to the woodshed. "Let's put it on the editor's desk," Helen sug-

"Let's put it on the editor's desk," Helen suggested. "That will be the best place."
"Say, we'd better put a story about it in the paper." said Bob. "and we can type all the rest of

the papers, too."
"Oh, yes, I'll write the story,"
Mary exclaimed. "The title can
be 'Modern Convenience Found
in Attic: Typewriter is Addition to

Ster Editorial Rooms."
In spite of the fact that it was 
"an addition to the Ster editorial 
rooms the Modern Convenience 
make an impression on the paper, 
Much exertion, pain, time and 
trouble were used on it but it remined dostinate. All afternoon 
make an impression on the paper, 
make an impression on the paper, 
make an impression on the paper, 
which were used on it but it is 
provided to the paper 
provided to the paper 
provided by the paper 
provided 
provide

extra by hand and delivered it in

the growing darkness.

Several weeks passed and the

Star still thrived, but no way had been found to

print it other than by hand. The Modern Convenience remained "an addition to the editorial

rooms" but nevertheless a useless one. It had been

tried several times but never had it consented to

work, so there it sat.

One day Bob sat reading the city paper, trying to get a new idea for an advertisement, when he

suddenly gave a whistle of delight.

"Giminy Christmas! Lookit here," he exclaimed, holding up the paper he had been reading.

Five heads came up with a jerk and with a vell

the other children all made a dash for the paper Bob held in his hand. "Don't get excited," he teased. "I'll read it to

you."
"The American Typewriter Company is announcing a prize contest for the oldest typewriters that

an be found in Madison County. The prize for the oldest will be a new American typewriter, "Entries must be made at the city hall. Any person or group of persons of any age may compete

and any make of typewriter may be entered."
"Whoopee!" shouted Dave. "Maybe my find
will be worth something after all. What if our
typewriter is the oldest in the county? It certainly
looks it! And we'd get a brand-new typewriter.
Oh, gee!"

Everybody scrambled toward the "decoration" and examined it even more carefully than they had before. Many parts of the old machine were very crude, but strangest of all they could not find any name on it.

It didn't take long, however, to decide to enter

it in the contest and Helen's father promised to take both the typewriter and its owners down to the city hall.

On the way down everyone was so excited and scared, too, that he didn't know what to do. "You have to do the talking, Ted," Bob said suddenly. "You're the editor."

"Oh, I can't. I'll give up my job first," moaned that honored individual. "Dave can. He found the thing."

But Dave wouldn't either and Jane finally agreed to begin, if everyone else would promise to beln her when she "got stuck"

help her when she "got stuck."

"Oh, what will I say?" groaned
Jane as they pushed open the door.
She almost looked ready to cry.

Just then a very nice looking man came up to them and introduced himself as Mr. Harvard. "Well," he said, "I see you have

an old typewriter here. I suppose you want to enter it in the contest. What make is it?"
"We don't know." Jane managed

to stammer.

"Do you know how old it is?"

"No, we don't," Mary said,
"Dave found it in a heap of junk
that a lady was having cleared out of her attic and

we thought we could print our newspaper on it but it wouldn't run."
"Your newspaper!" Mr. Harvard exclaimed.
"Have you kids a newspaper?"

"You bet we have, and I'm the editor," Ted answered proudly. "It's the North End Star, sir, printed on North Pine Street, sold by subscription at ten cents a month and delivered every Saturday. Here's my

staff," he added with a sweeping gesture that took in the excited members of the gang. "Fine!" Mr. Harvard said with surprise. "And you certainly are a business-like staff. I'll enter this machine as the Size rentry. I guess we'd better

this machine as the Star entry. I guess we directer see if we can find the age or a name on it, too."

Even with the help of an expert neither a name nor date could be found on the old typewriter, but Mr. Harvard was sure it was one of the very first ones made and left the

date and name on the entry blank to be filled in later. The next week was full of excitement and anxi-

of excitement and anxiety for members of the staff, with trips to the city hall and the papers giving their typewriter first place among all the entries up to Friday night. On Saturday, the last day for entries, it was

[Continued on page 296]





## Little Boy Who Didn't Like His Breakfast

By Alice Eager Kelly

NCE there was a little boy who didn't want to eat his breakfast. When his mother called him in the morning, he would say, "Oh, I don't want to get up. I don't want to eat my breakfast." And he always took a long time to dress because he did not like to sit down at his

little white table to eat.

Then when his breakfast was ready, the Little
Boy began to cry and to whine.

"I don't want my orange juice!" he whimpered.
"This oatmeal is too salty. I don't like hard toast.
I don't like soft egg. My milk is too cold!"

And no matter what nice things he had, he cried and whined and diddled and dawdled and fooled, until his mother just didn't know what to do with him. Well, one morning. Little

Boy finished dressing before his mother even had breakfast ready, so he sneaked downstairs to the front door. There he heard a little scratching. It was his Little Dog. So Little Boy let him in. "Bow-wow, Little Boy!"

"Good morning. Why do you look so cross this fine day?"

"Oh." said Little Boy.

"because! I don't want to eat my breakfast."

"Bow-wow! That's all right," said Little Dog. "Come with me. You may have some of my breakfast."

So Little Boy and Little Dog went down the steps into the yard and there under the lilac bush, Little Dog dug up a big bone!

"This is my breakfast," he said, wagging his tail.
"You can have some of this."

"Oh, but I can't eat a bone for my breakfast!" said Little Bov.

Then he walked down the path to the woodshed

and Little Dog tagged along too.

Beside the woodshed door, he saw Gray Kittycat, sitting on a log in the sun.

"Mieow, mieow, Little Boy," said Gray Kittycat. "Good morning! Why do you look so cross this bright day?"

"Oh," said Little Boy, "because! I don't want to eat my breakfast!"
"Mieow, mieow! That's all right," said Gray

Kitty-cat. "You may have some of my breakfast. I

was just going to get it."
So Gray Kitty-cat and
Little Boy went into the
woodshed. Gray Kitty-cat
hunted around and hunted
around until she had caught
a nice, soft little mouse.
Then she licked her whiskers and purred, "This is my
breakfast. Have some?"
"Oh, but I can't eat a
mouse for my breakfast."

said Little Boy.

Then he walked down to
the barnyard and little
Dog tagged along too.

In the barnyard he saw Mother Hen and her little Yellow Chicks, all busy chasing a grasshopper. "Cluck. cluck. Little

Boy!" said Mother Hen. "Good morning. Why do you look so cross this bright day?" "Oh," said Little Boy, "because! I don't want

to eat my breakfast."
"Cluck, cluck! That's all right," said Mother
Hen. "You may share our breakfast."

So Little Boy and the Yellow Chicks followed Mother Hen to a corner of the barnyard, where she





Subscription Order Blank CHILD LIFE 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois Enclosed is \$1.00. Please enter a 5 month subscription to start with the July 1932 issue of Child Life for: SURSCRIPTION RATES One year \$3.00 Three years \$5.00

5 months for \$1.00

June, 1932 scratched and scratched until she had found a long fat worm.

"Peep, peep!" cheeped the Yellow Chicks. "Give us some, Mamma!"

"No, no, not vet, Company first!" Mother Hen held out the worm to Little Boy. "This is our breakfast. Take a

piece-don't be bashful!"

"Oh, but I can't eat a worm for my breakfast!" said Little Boy.

Then he walked towards the barn and Little Dog tagged along too. In the stall stood Brown

Horse, eating his breakfast happily. Neigh, neigh, Little Boy," said Brown Horse,

"Good morning! Why do you look so cross this fine day?" "Oh," said Little Boy,

"because! I don't want to eat my breakfast. "Neigh, neigh! That's all right," said Brown Horse, "You may take a

taste of mine. I have plenty of good oats and hay to spare. See how full my manger is!"

'Oh," said Little Boy, looking into the manger, "but I can't eat oats and hav for my breakfast!" So he walked away into the pasture field and Little Dog tagged along too.

There stood Red Cow, grazing in the tall green "Moo, Moo, Little Boy," said Red Cow. "Good

morning! Why do you look so cross this bright day?" "Oh," said Little Boy, "because! I don't want

to eat my breakfast." "Moo, moo! That's all right," said Red Cow. "I can find you a lovely breakfast." She hunted

around with her nose until she found a patch of tender sweet clover and pulled up a bunch in her teeth. "Here's just what you want."

"Oh, but I can't eat ergss for my breakfast," said Little Boy.

And he walked down to the pond, while Little Dog tagged along too.



A shiny White Duck swam about in the water, splashing in his bath. "Quack, quack, Little Boy," said White Duck.

"Good morning! Why do you look so cross this bright day?"

'Oh," said Little Boy, "because! I don't want to eat my breakfast.

"Quack, quack! That's all right," said White Duck. "I'll give you the best breakfast you ever tasted." And diving under the water he came up with a wiggly

live tadpole in his bill. "Oh, but I can't eat tadpole for breakfast!" said Little Boy and he began

to cry. Close on the edge of the pond a wet Green Frog sat drying himself in the sunshine.

"Croak, croak, Little Boy! Good morning! Why do you look so cross this bright day?" "Oh," said Little Boy.

"because! I don't want to eat my breakfast." "Croak, croak! That's

all right," said Green Frog. "Wait a minuteyou may have half of mine. He opened his big mouth and-snap!-he caught a blue fly that was buzzing around his head.

"Oh, but I can't eat a fly for breakfast," said Little Boy, and the big tears began to roll down his cheeks. He started back to the barnyard, Little Dog tagging along too.

In the pigpen a fat Black Pig was grunting over some mushy apples and sour milk.

"Grunt, grunt, Little Boy. Good morning! What are you crying about?" said Black Pig. "Oh," said Little Boy, "because! I don't like

anybody's breakfast." 'Grunt, grunt," said Black Pig, as he pointed proudly to his trough. "Ah, but you haven't tried

mine! Look-I'll let you have just one tiny bite. Oh, but I can't eat musky apples and sour milk for my breakfast!" said Little Boy, crying harder than ever, and he started back towards his house, Little Dog tagging along too. [Continued on page SOS]





## OUR BOO FRIEN

Tietjens. \$2.50. (Coward, McCann.)

Teiki is a Polynesian boy and his strange life and adventures on the lovely island of Moorea is sure to be of absorbing interest to older boys and girls. When you put down this beautifully written book by the author of some of the finest juveniles of our time, you feel as though you, too, had visited the South Seas and had had a wonderful time there.

THE HOUSE THAT GREW SMALLER, by Margery Williams Bianco. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

If you were a little deserted house you'd be glad to move to a state road and have a spring cleaning and new curtains, too. And wouldn't it be fun to live up in a tree with the birds? This charming stor (illustrated delightfully by Rachel Field) tells you all about it.

THE GOLDEN FLOCK, by Charlotte Lederer, \$1.50. (Farrar & Rinehart.) This legend of a very simple and kindhearted old couple in Hungary is charmingly written and vividly illustrated.

THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE, by Bret Harte. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway, \$1.50, (Frederick Warne & Co.)

Grown-ups even more than children are going to enjoy this story of Bret Harte's imaginative little heroine who has many make-believe adventures and accidentally aids in the discovery of a mine. There are the charming, dainty illustrations, typical of Kate Greenaway who was the first artist to give her serious attention to the illustration of children's books.



From "Young Fu of the Upper Yangtor" (Winston)

BOY OF THE SOUTH SEAS, by Eurice THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARWHOPPLE, by Rose Fyleman. \$1.50. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Captain Marwhopple catches lions with fly paper and eau de colorne, and snakes with a garden hose, and discovers ice cream with the polar bears when the canned milk freezes. He and Bodger, his dog, do other queer things and six to ten year old boys and girls will laugh over them again and again.

YOUNG FU OF THE UPPER YANG-TZE, by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. \$2.50. (Winston) In some ways Young Fu who goes to

Chungking and becomes apprentice to a coopersmith is just like ambitious American boys who seek their fortunes in the hig city. But the life Fu leads in the Chinese city is very different, and this colorful story of his experiences is as instructive as it is fascinating to read. Older boys especially will like this vivid, authentic picture of a country that everyone is watching with so much interest to-day.



SAMMY AND SILVERBAND, by Janet Miller. \$2.00. (Houghton Mifflin)

Africa and Silverband is his big gray elephant. The jungle animals are Summy's friends and the jungle is his playground where he has many interesting adventures. FOUR GYPSY CHILDREN, by Cora Morris, \$2.00. (Macmillan.)

The gypsy children have a delightful ime at the farmhouse, and Peter, Ann and David have a delightful time in the gypsy camp. They see a gypsy wedding and hear gypey stories told around the camp fire at night, and it is with real sorrow that they bid farewell to their gypsy friends when the caravan moves on. Miss Morris gives us a colorful, authentic picture of gypsy life, that will have an especial appeal for children from 6 to 10.

THE MAGIC RUG, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. \$2.50. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Here is an instructive nicture book for younger children about a magic oriental rug that takes its owner's young son to Africa where he meets a little Bedouin girl and has many adventures. The striking illustrations are reproduced from the artists'



From "The Stronge Adventures
Merwhopple" (Doubleday, THE STORY OF MAN

How the World Grew Up, by Grace Kiner Races of Men, by J. V. Nash

How the World Supports Man, by Dorothea H. Davis The Tongues of Man, by Elizabeth

Le May Hayes Man and His Customs, by Margaret Fry How the World is Ruled, by Carrie

Louise George Man and His Riches, by Mary B. Ambler Man and His Records, by Franklin Barnes

How the World Lives, by J. V. Nash This Man-Made World, by Anthony R. Fisher

In uniform volumes \$1.25 each (Thos. S. Rockwell, Chicago.) Did you older boys and girls ever want

to learn things about the different kinds of man, and man's different languages, governments, writing, social life and inventions? And did you want all these interesting facts told you in a simple, interesting Sammy is the eight-year-old son of a Belgian State Commissioner in Central fashion? Then get hold of these ten books that are about those sciences your father might call by such names as anthropology. ethnology, economics and sociology, and you will find just the books you are looking for. You'll not be the only ones who like them either, for many famous scientists have endorsed these little volumes highly.

> GREAT ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. edited by Lewis Melville and Reginald Hargreaves. \$5.00. (The Viking Press, New York

> For boys and girls of almost college age and for other older members of the family here is an outstanding collection of short stories, interesting tales that incidentally show the development of the short story from the times of Defoe to Conan Dovle. These stories also show that in humor, fancy, wholesome philosophy and ingenious plots of romanticism and realism English writers have left us greatly in their deht. This fat book of 1047 pages contains eighty-two good stories of Goldsmith, Scott, Marryat, Disraeli, Thackeray, Dickens, James, Horning, Stevenson, Conrad, Locke, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Saba-

> tini, McKenna and others. It's well worth

owning!



## Read-Aloud Time



#### The Dog that Wanted to Make Friends By Elsie Ball

CRACKER was a little brown dog with fix a woolly coat. He wanted to be friendly.

He lived in the house next to Baby Gay. He belonged to a boy named Jack.

One day Cracker looked out and saw

Baby Gay playing in her yard. He thought, "I would like to play with Baby Gay."

So he went outdoors and stood on the

So he went outdoors and stood on the steps and barked.

Baby Gay did not look at him. She didn't know that he wanted to be friendly.

"I am not making enough noise," he

thought. So he barked louder.

Still Baby Gay did not look at him. Then he barked with all his might. He made so much noise that Jack came and took him in the house.

took him in the house.

"That is not the way to make friends,"
said Jack.

Cracker was sorry.

The next day he saw Baby Gay playing in her yard.

"I must not bark to-day," he said to himself. So he went outdoors and sat quietly on

the steps.

Baby Gay was playing with a ball. Once she threw the ball so far that it rolled over near Cracker.

Cracker took the hall in his mouth and ran away with it. He thought Baby Gay would try to catch him.

But Baby Gay did not know that Cracker was trying to be friendly. She ran into her house. Jack ran after Cracker and took the ball

away from him.
"You must not take Baby Gay's ball,"
said Jack. "That is not the way to make

said Jack. "That is not the way to make friends."

The next day he went out to watch Baby Gay.

She was playing with her ball. The ball rolled over near Cracker. This time he did not run away with it. He took it in his mouth and carried it to Baby Gay. He laid it on the ground beside her. He wagged his tail to show

her that he wanted to be friendly.
"Thank you, nice dog," said Baby Gay.
She threw the ball again. Cracker ran
after it and brought it back to her. He felt

very happy. He jumped and wagged his tail. Baby Gay was pleased

"I like to play with Cracker," the said. Cracker was pleased, too. He was pleased because he had found out how to make friends.

#### Funny Noises Grace Noll Crowell

THE noises are so funny on my grandfather's farm.

The white bobbing pigeons on the roof say

this

Urr-rackety coo, urr-rackety coo, And the old gray goose goes hiss, hiss, hiss.



A clackety-clack, a clackety-clack, And gobble, gobble, tobble, the old turkey says As he ruffles up the feathers on the top of his back.

Whinny, whinny, whinny. the mother horse goes When she watches for her colt by the

posture gate;
And cluckety, cluck, the old hen says
As she scratches, and her chickens are too
hungry to wait.



The little puppy-dog goes weef, woof, woof, The cow moo-moor, and the rooster makes A cochi-dooffs sound, and the ducks quack, quark, As they dibble, dibble, dibble, at the edge of the lakes.

or the saccilit his So many, many noises, and so much fun To listen in the morning when I open my eves.

But nothing is so sweet as the gargle, gargle, gargle, When our own baby laughs—or his squared when he cries!

#### The Sea Shell Fairy By Anna Williams Arnett

and

Down by the hig, booming ocean was
any lay a beautiful pale pink sea shell. Sometimes the sea shell played strange, sweet
music. It was the music of the sea.

A beautiful water fairy lived in this

A beautiful water fairy lived in this lovely cove. She had long, pale yellow hair like seweed and eyes as blue as the far-away sea. She wore a dress of white sea fount rimmed with pearls. When evening came, she took her tiny sea-shell harp with silver strings and played strange, sweet music, and four little green and gold fishes came swimming through the water little green and gold fishes came swimming through the water strings and prought strange.

drawing a beautiful seasgreen boat. Into the boat she stepped, carrying her inharp with her, and away they gided. By and by they came to a great, cool river. Two little salmon fishes dressed in pink and silver, were leaping and playing together. When the sea-shell fairy saw them, she stooned her sea-green boat and

began to play strange, sweet music.

When the little pink salmon heard the strange, sweet music, they stopped leaping and playing and listened. "Please, dearfairy, may we go with you in your beautiful sea-green boat?"

And the sea-shell fairy said, "Yea, little

pints almon, if you will lie still in my boat."
So the little pint selmon leaped into the
boat and lay very still. Not one flap of
their little tails did they flap. Then away
glided the sea-green boat through the water.
By and by they came to some tail,
swaying seawed where three little starty
startish were playing hide-and seek. The
and began to play strange, sweet music on
her tiny harp.

When the little starry starfish heard the strange, sweet music, they stopped and listened. "Please, dear fairy, may we go with you in your beautiful sea-green box!" And the sea-shell fairy said, "Yes, little starry starfish, if you will lie very still. So the little starry starfish floated into the boat and lay very still. Not one

their five little arms did they wave.

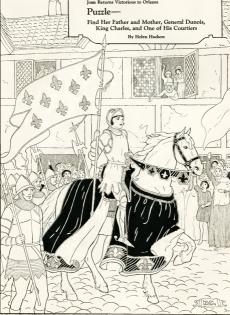
Then away glided the sea-green boat through the water. Down, down, down to the bottom of the great ocean they went. And up, up to the very top of the great booming waves they rode.

Sometimes they were down deep in the

Sometimes they were down deep in the dark water among strange creatures, and sometimes on top in the bright silver moonlight.

Oh, it was a wonderful boat ride! And they stayed and rode in the beautiful seagreen boat until the sun came up from its at bath in the great, shining sea water next morning.





### PICTURE TALES FROM HISTORY

# CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS





On October 12, 1492; there went subser, extraping the Spanish flag to show that the land now belonged to Spain. Friendily red more welcomed them, and Columbur called sheen landstone hinking he had reached India at last. His dream had come true, but though he made several worages he next shew he had discovered a new words. But we know and that is why we remember and homore him today.

STATALENE SPEAKER

### THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

#### STRIPES FOREVER BUT STARS NEVER

Had you seen them coming down the street together lately you would have thought that they were a black cat and a very dark donkey; but your guess would have been wrong. The one that looks like a black cat is really a wooden tiger named Bars; and the very dark donkey wasn't always dark and was never a donkey, but a zebra called Mars. To begin with, Bars had stripes like any other tiger. and Mars likewise resembled other zebras. They had very little to do one day, and began boasting to one

stripes. "I'll bet I have more stripes

another of the number of their than you have," said Bars to Mars. "I'll bet I have more stripes than you have," said Mars to Bars. "All right, I have sixteen stripes,"

vou?" "I don't know, and I can't count them myself," complained the zebra. "If I hold still, will you count

mine for me?" "Certainly," agreed Bars. see one, three, six, ten, and one on your tummy, eleven, and two on your back, thirteen, and one on your chin, fourteen, and one to grow on, fifteen, and-well, I'm sorry, but that seems to be all."

"I have fifteen stripes and you have sixteen?" asked the zebra. "That seems to be the case

replied Bars, trying not to look superior.

"Then excuse me, please; I'll be right back," and Mars disappeared like a puff of wind. Ten minutes later he returned, very much elated. "Don't touch them, they're not dry yet!" he cautioned.

Don't touch what?" asked the puzzled tiger.

"My two new stripes that I just had painted on!" laughed the zebra. "The plush monkey around the corner did it. Now I'm one stripe ahead of you."

"Excuse me, please; I'll be right back!" shouted Bars, as he rushed around the corner to find the monkey who painted stripes on people who needed more of them, Shall we say Wednesday?

and in no time at all the tiger was back with two new stripes. "See?" he boasted. "I'm still one stripe ahead of you." "Excuse me, please," sang the

zebra. "I'll be right back!" And around the corner he dashed once more, reappearing with one stripe more than the tiger. Well, they



took turns excusing themselves and going around the corner and getting new stripes and coming right back and exploding with pride until there weren't any spaces left between the stripes, and both animals were nainted as black as your grandmother's hat in a ten-mile tunnel at midnight. So you see now that what appeared to be a black cat and a very dark donkey were only Mars and Bars with entirely too many stripes.

#### LOST AND FOUND

together on the pantry shelf, when

you fell off. I looked in the cookie jar and you weren't there! I looked in the cracker box and you weren't there! I looked in the flour bin and

you hadn't been there! Where are you? Or don't you know? LOST-Me. I started to look for you and got lost myself. Where

am I? If I look hard, maybe I can find myself. If I look soft, someone may think I'm a pillow and try to lie on me. I'll try to find you sometime if you try to find me. Let us rag doll twins get together. ELEPHANT OPENS TAILOR SHOP

Have you noticed the creases in the pants on the Teddy Bears in Toytown lately? And have you wondered who pressed them so beautifully? It's an iron elephant named Peekie Pickles. Mr. Pickles opened a pants pressing parlour a week ago on Mummymammy Street between Mimmymummy Avenue and Mommymimmy Alley. You can reach Peekie Pickles' Pants Pressing Parlour by turning east on Mummymammy from Mimmymummy, or west on Mummymammy from Mommymimmy Alley. It is quite interesting to watch

Peekie Pickles work. He builds a small fire and lies on it till he gets very warm. Then he leaps out and rolls back and forth on the pants. after which he rushes to the ice box where he stays until cool enough to collect the money from his customer.

#### WEATHER REPORT TO-DAY

Shut the window! Close the door! Stuff the keyhole! Hug the floor! Keep your coat on! Don't relax! It's going to pour down carpet tacks!

YESTERDAY We told you so, we told you so,

Yaah, yaah, yaah! You left your rubbers at home again.

Yaah, yaah, yaah! You got your feet so terribly wet That all the ducks were making a

LOST-You. We were walking That you were wetter than they could get.

So yaah, yaah, yaah! To-morrow

It may do this and it may do that. Who knows? It may do those and it might do

them Who knows? It might be wind that blows and

blows. It might be thunder that tickles

your nose. Or maybe some rain on your beautiful clothes.

Who knows?



### Child Life Music Contest

By Anne Faulkner Oberndorfer Anthor of "What We Hear in Music," "Music in the Home" see

There was once a boy named Felix, who lived just outside the city of Berlin. He had a lovely little sister Fannie and a charming father and mother; and his grandfather who lived with them was a very remarkable scholar. Every summer this family used to give some play of Shakespeare out in their garden. When Pelix was seventeen they presented their favorite play, the one that tells of the four lovers who were lost in the woods on a midsummer night. For this performance, Felix wrote a fairy Overture which describes the fairies dancing and the lovers and the clowns, who had all come to the woods. When he was a grown man the king asked Felix to write music for the same play. He took out the Overture and found it peeded no changes. The fairy theme he made over into the fairy dances; the joily clown music became the accompaniment when the tradesmen were rehearsing their play, and the love music Felix used for the Intermezzo and Nocturne. But be wrote new music for the wedding. And if you go to-day to any big church wedding you can be certain to hear this music played when the bride and groom come away from the altar. We call it.....

No. II Allegretto

It was a lovely evening in the early summer of the year 1826. A group of young students had come out from the gay city of Vienna for a walking trip and had stopped to refresh themselves at a quaint little roadside inn. Here, seated under a huge linden tree, they were merrily laughing and talking as they are and drank. One of these young men had brought a copy of Shakespeare and he now read aloud the lovely verses from "Cymbeline" which the lover sings to his fair lady. We usually think a screnade is love music sung or played at night, but in some countries the lover sings his song at dawning. This song from "Cymbeline" is one of these morning songs. Franz Peter Schubert took the volume of Shakespeare from his friends. "This would make a lovely song," he said. "Alas, I have no music paper to write it

down

Win One of These Fifty Prizes!

When you listen to music do you feel that the composition is telling you a story? And don't you think it would be fun to know the story that some of the musical compositions can This month we have the sixth of

a series of twelve music contests, con-ducted by Anne Faulkner Oberndorfer, a musical authority of national importance. Each month during 1932 there will be a jolly new contest with many wonderful new prizes to work for. Now read the four musical stories on this page. Guess the names of the compositions and the composers.

Write a letter (not over 200 words

long) telling us which of the four com-positions you like best and why. Write positions you like best and why. Write on one side of the paper only. Give your name, age and address. Send your inst of answers and your letter to Music editor, care CHILD LIFE, 538 S. Clark Street, Chicago, in time to arrive before June 12, 1932. The fifty how not after the cond-

The fifty boys and girls who send us the best answers will each receive an outfit consisting of an Eagle Brand Harmonica and Eagle Brand Instructeamonaca and Eagle Brand Instruc-tion Book, distributed by the Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co. This makes a mighty fine gift for any girl or boy who's interested in music. Pamous musical authorities agree that the harmonica is an invested. harmonica is an important first step to the study of other instruments; and everyone knows that there's lots of fun in these practical, easily-learned instru-ments. All in all, we think that this month's winners will feel themselves

lucky.

The correctness of your answers, the originality of your letters and neatness will count. The judges will be appointed by CHILD LIFE, and their decision will be fined. The list of prize winners for the June contest will be announced in the September issue of CHILD LIFE.

You need not purchase CHILD LIFE.
You need not purchase CHILD LIFE to compete. CHILD LIFE may be examined at any office of Rand M\*Nally & Company and at public libraries. You must be sure to have the "Key to CHILD LIFE Music Contest," already published in CHILD LIFE, for it will belp you to answer the questions in all twelve contests. If you do not have this "Key" address Music editor, care CHILD LISE, asking for a reprint of it, which will be sent you free of charge.

"Take the menu card," suggested one of the young men.

So Schubert drew the lines of the staff across the card and wrote the exquisite melody of this song which has been arranged for piano and every possible combination of instruments. He called his song

No. III With simple tenderner Once upon a time there lived an American

musician who loved the fairies. He wanted a quiet place to work, so his wife had built for him a dear little log cabin studio out in the woods. He called it his "house of dreams." dreams." Here he went every day and worked. At noon his wife brought his lunch, and if he was working she put the basket on the porch and quietly stole away. One noon when she came, he was very unhappy. He said he could not make music any more and showed her the waste basiest full of crumpled papers. She smoothed one in her hands. "This is a lovely little melody," she

The composer took the paper to the piano and played it through. isn't so bad," he agreed. "It is an old theme of the Brotherton Indians that I think should make a good composition." "I like it." answered his wife. "It makes me think of the woods in June. It is as delicate and simple as a wild rose." She left him then and the composer went

said as she hummed it softly.

back to work. When he had finished this piece he wrote on the title page ......

No. IV Con spirito It was the last of June in the year 1314.

Scotland was fighting for her freedom. The English had lost many castles in Scotland but were still holding Stirling Castle and felt sure this would not be taken. Suddenly Robert Bruce appeared before Stirling and demanded that the garrison surrender. Edward II with a hig force of English went to the defense of his men and, as the English army was about three times as large as that commanded by Bruce, the king felt sure of victory. But Bruce

[Continued on page S12]



(Central Danid Novel) A Cub Bear and His Friends

# Queer Pets

(For story about these pic-tures turn to contents page of this issue of CHILD LIFE)



A Little Lamb Like Mary's



Baby Raccoon on a Treetop



and & Underwood A Marmoset



& Lynnood M. Cheer A Family of Gay Young Woodbeckers

A Wild Pet

(a) Underwood & Underwood



#### Desserts are Foods-Not Frills

By Mary Isabel Barber

Disservation are often thought of an unnecessary luxuries—something pretty and sweet served at the ead of a meal to give the diners a sense of repleteness and satisfaction. Because of taking the deserts to lightly (mentally at least!) many meals are terribly unbalanced and desert either becomes a burden which exist in the sense of the sense

Pies, rich puddings, ice cream with eake, and steamed fruit desserts with butter succes, served after a heavy dinner of a soft soup, roast, vegetables and salad, are examples of overloads. In this case the dinner is adoptate in itself and the dessert white

should be only an artistic ending. An ice, fruit, or plain gelatin would be sufficient. The comments made in the above paragraphs apply to a family made up of persons in pormal health and with appetites ready to respond to the appearance, odor and flavor of food. These children and adults will not be mal-nourished and no encouragement is necessary to induce them to eat, although they may need guidance in forming the best food habits. Unfortunately nearly every mother has her problem in connection with some member of her family who peeds additional nourishment but who is not interested in food. In this case dessert may be an important means of providing extra nutrition in a most inviting manner. An egg, more milk, butter or cream may be slipped unobtrusively into a pudding and, without being conscious of it, a child will take in calories, vitamins and minerals enough to supplement and round out an otherwise inadequate meal. It is even possible to use the same base and from it provide dessert for both the overweight and underweight person.

overweight and underweight person.
Gelatins are good examples of desserts
with dual personalities. A plain lemon
jelly will yield slightly over one hundred
calories per serving. If sliced bananas are
molded in it the food value is improved.

SPECIAL dietetic advice will be given to mothers who saish help with their food problems. Recipes will also be furnished on request. Letters should be addressed to Miss Mary I. Barber, Child Life Puntry, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicaso.

If whipped cream is folded in also, the food value increases still more. Instead of water, milk can be used for the liquid and a soft custard poured over the finished

Fruit whip is prepared by beating, egg white to a froth, then folding in apple sance or other fruit pulp, Whipped cream that the state of the state

their food value.

There are doness of refrigerator desserts which simplify this problem for home makers. Coolié dough is mixed, formé linto a roll and chilled. It can then be sliced and baked whenever convenient. Two slices can be pressed together with fruit filling between before bakinz.

### Simple Endings for Adequate Meals RASPBERRY WHIP

r tablespoon gelatin r tablespoons cold water r pint raspberry juice

z cup raspberries

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes and dissolve over boiling water.

Add berry juice and chill until maxture is slightly thickened. Place in pan of ice water and beat until light and frothy; continue beating until mixture will hold its shape, then fold in berries. Pour into molds and place in refrigerator to chill. (Presh or canned berries may be used.)

#### PRUNE WHIP

z cup prunes

\$\foatin \text{cup sugar} \text{ r tesspoon vanilia} \text{ Soal; prunes overnight. Cook until soft. Remove stones and rub pulp through a colander. Add sugar and cook in double boller ten minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold in the prune pulp. Add vanilia.

#### ORANGE TELLY

Chill in refrigerator.

in refrigerator.

2 tablespoors gelatin
1 cup cold water
2 cups boiling water
Soak the gelatin in cold water. Dissolve
in boiling water. Add sugar and fruit
juice. Pour into a cold wet mold. Cbill

#### Nourishing Desserts

RASPBERRY MILK SHERBET

I cup canned raspberries % cup sugar
r cup evaporated milk Few grains salt

r cup water Juice of r lemon r tablespoon vanilla

Force raspberries through a strainer.

Add milk, water, sugar, salt, lemon juice and vanilla. Freeze in ice cream freezer

or in automatic refrigerator

BANANA ICE CREAM

BANANA ICE CREAM 2 cups banana pulp (about 6 bananas)

r 1/4 cups sugar r 3/4 cups evaporated milk 1/4 cup orange juice

Few grains salt [Continued on page \$12]





The Season's Sensation in Children's Play Wear!

An innovation, indeed . . . a modern healthful garment with one shoulder strap . . affords unhampered freedom offered in seven once play suit and west positive styles. Reversible . . . . on he sent one effect of the styles. Reversible . . . . on he sent one effect of the styles. The seven is a style of the style of

For the little tots—ages 2 to 6—"cunningest" garments you ever saw. So practical, too . . . for play wear, for healthful sun bathing and for the little one's first ventures into the water. Also "Jungle" Play Suits of gay-colored cotton prints, with hat to match (see illustration).

For older boys—ages 6 to 16, with skirts, "Jungle" Swim Suits offer just the "he man" style that modern boys have been waiting for. Affords free arm action in swimming, permits a full coat of tan.





"JUST for instance," we show a modern style rayon combination for the little miss . . . also a new two-piece outfit for girls,—fine quality rayon vest and French Type Panty in the new mesh fabric.

Many other practical styles in children's summer underwear will be found at the store selling Minneapolis "M" Garments. Look for the Minneapolis "M" trademark, your assurance of satisfaction and greatest value. If your store does not have the "M" Garments you went, write us for information.

MINNEAPOLIS KNITTING WORKS



### A Play Castle

By A. Neely Hall

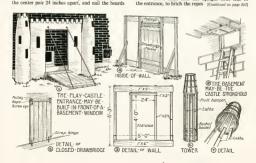
Table entrance to this castle is built like stage scenery. You have seen the same sort of scenery. You have seen the same sort of built you have not been aware of it because there are not seen as the same stage of the same stage of the play castle entrance this way so that you can build it easily and equicity. You can see it up in your play you will built in front of a basement window, as shown in Figure 1, you can use the basement for some stage of the play the play

Author of "Making Things with Tools" "Right

Build the framework of the entrance wall, as shown in Figure 3. A board to go across the bottom, another to go across the top and four strips to join them are necessary. If you cannot be to boards 6 inches wide, another width will do. Cut the two boards 5 feet long, or longer if you want the two boards 5 feet long, or longer if you want. Then place the uprights flat upon the ground, with Then place the uprights flat upon the ground, with the center pair 28 inches apart, and nail the boards across the ends. Nail a strip of 1-by-2 across the center pair of uprights, 4 feet above the bottom board, to form the head of the entrance. There will be a narrow space between this strip and the top board, as shown in Figure 3. This is provided for the drawbridge cables to run through (Figures 4 and 5).

le Tora for Gerla and Boys," "Honor-Mode Gomes" etc.

Make: the drawbridge, as shown in Figures 4 and 5. Out the boards a trifle shorter than the height of the entrance, and fasten them together with two cross pieces, no battens, pikeed near the top and bottom. Lay the boards hat on the ground to nail a bottom. Lay the boards hat on the ground to nail a pair of starol pings pileced as shown in figure 3. Seres a pair of starol pings pileced as shown in the drawbridge, and the a rope to each for the raising cables (Figure 5). Then fasten two clothesten piles to the inside of the top board of the mapping the star but inside of the top board of the time piles to the inside of the top board of the best piles and the star of the piles to the fight position for the ropes to run over them. Drive analis into the uprigit each side of





### Journeys to Advertising Land

Brownie Talontite Takes Robert and Ruth Away in a Balloon



"My, oh my, can't you dress any faster? Why are you both so slove? We've quite a long journey to take to-night And the time's very short, you know!

"Hurry, oh hurry, Robert and Ruth, You're taking just ages to dress! If you only knew the secret I know Your dressing time would be less!"

Little Brownie Talontite hopped first on one foot and then on the other as he watched Robert and Ruth trying to push bustons through buttorshies. He had been waitthrough buttorshies. He had been waitthought they spent much more time in getting their clothes on than was necessary. Why were they so awfully slow? Didn't they know that time was precious and if beet to be the state of the state of the state of beet to be the state of the state

back to bed?

Brownie Talontite cried, "My, oh my,
can't you dress any faster?"

"Well, if you had to struggle with a
million buttons, I guess you'd be slow too,"

said Robert.

"Robert and Ruth. I am surprised!"
the Brownie cried in astonishment. "Do
you mean to tell me that all of your clothes

Scrambling to his feet, Brownie Talontite took their hands, whistled shrilly and led them to the window. Looking out they saw a tiny little balloon floating at the window sill.

"C'mon," said the Brownie. "After you've seen what I have to show, you'll mover, never struggle with buttons again!"
"The balloon is so tiny," said Roth.
"How will it ever carry us?"
"Easy," said Brownie Talontite. "Just

watch."

Watch the fellow cloud of the mindor and pulled the fellow clouds him. Babers and the fellow clouds him. Babers and the fellow clouds him to be fellowed to the the fellow clouds and the the balloon. Browner Takenitier reached up and pulled a little tab which opened one of the bands. From the opening oprang a good of the bands. From the opening oprang is the fellow clouds and the fellow clouds and the fellow clouds and the fellow clouds and another. In less than a minute tab, and another. In less than a minute tab, and another. In less than a minute handreds of small balloons were released. Strings kept them attached to the larger landson, and they tagged and pulled.

"Berry," error Brownie Talentine. "We must get in before they fly sway."
Robert and Reth kopped into the ball-shoped in the ball-shoped in the ball-shoped in the term of the state of the

"'Oh, no, we're not sinking. We're just coming to the place that will show you what you can use on your clothes instead

of buttons." Brownie Talentife leaned out over the busiet's edge and pointed. "See, the busiet's edge and pointed. "See, tains. When we land, you'll have to help me put all the little balloons inside." "Sowly they floated down and down. "Sowly they floated down and down. To be a seen to be a seen and the seen and called to the children to follow him. They grabbed the strings of the small them inside they pulled the tabs and dosed

the balloon.

The Brownie stepped over to the rock and whasked. A little door opened and him for a scood and then becomed the children to follow. They stepped inside and their door surge closed behind them. For their eyes became accustomed to the dark their eyes became accustomed to the dark. The Brownie was skipping along the rock. The Brownie was skipping along dark the control of the dark and the stepped and they found themselves.

in a luge workshop.

Hundreds of Browenies were working at Hundreds of Browenies were working at the property of the property

Tablette they search min was those topologic were for.

"Well," said the Brownie, "I told you I was going to show you what you could use instead of buttons! These machines [Continued on page 305]



### THE WELL DRESSED (HILD

Conducted by Carolyn T. Radnor Lewis, New York

### The Song of Cottons

THIS is the year to sing the "Song of Cottons." In the sturdier varieties there are pique, chambray, seesucker, ginghams, broad-cloths and linens for play and day dresses; in the sheers, dotted Swiss, printed lawns, volles, dimitted and hatistes.

printed search, where, manners and national for the growth of the form of the grown-ups, stamp them 1852. With an eye on the handry, you may choose the shirt and wait! (blouse or sweater) combination, you may choose the shirt and wait! (blouse or sweater) combination. If you prefer the dress, give the straight-from-the-shoulder model a little higher waitline and model as the handlers by capiet or caps, add a yoke or emphasize the Empire effect by rows of smocking in front and a said to tile in the hack.

Yokes, you will made—and with them we should clearify the bits collars which that our cape airw-neer just made to emphasize the law of contrast, of fahries and of color. A yoke and cuifs of which broadcioth, hand-calloped, contrast with a hright blue broadcath dress; one of rose handscerbied lines matches the best on a white English one of rose handscerbied lines matches the best on a white English and capeted collar for a hyacinth hise lines. When of come an entire capeted collar for a hyacinth hise lines. When of

swan trock; a shanow docted Swiss yours spreads our to capelet collar for a hyacinth hive lines. When sleeves are present, they are short and perky, but more often they are of the doll dress variety, which look as if cut with one majo of the scissors and stand out over the shoulder in a little cape effect. Contrasting appliques, modernistic motifs or flower

Contrasting appliques, modernistic motion or nower designs, scullops, pin-tucking, pleats, a very narrow edging of lace on frilled collars, a self sush, and dainty little touches of this kind, preferably of hand stilchery, are the only suggestions of trimming. And they are steetchy and cherished because of their hevity.

The hat may he of the dress fahric, either the heret or the floppy shade bat. Or it may be a rough strawwith a wreath of wild flowers, or a leghorn with twocolor ribhon hand looped through a slit in the hrim.

color rishon hand looped through a sit in the hrim.

And jackets will be very brief and scanty, whether
they are of washable pique, flamed or jersey—sometimes in the bell-hop lines, again an Eton, or a very
nautical reder, double-breasted, bruss battons and all.



HERE'S one of the Polarite durence mesh dresses with heret to match. The Phoenix sox, too, are of durence.



(









6496



To buy the patierns, the fabrics or any of the articles, send your check or money order together with the size and color desired to CHILD LIFE Shopping Service, Rand MCNAIly & Company, 270 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In the Shops



SINCE 1836 Conti Cariffa Soap has been recommended in physicians as the ideal bath and completing soap beam it is made from mild, pure olive of. Conto Shampoo, ma from Costi Cariffa Soar, in delabrial. It cleans there and



SLIP rate as E-3 Knit Waist Suit for confortable sun wast. It is of fine combed years with these improvementable rates to be one buttons, reinforced deep seat, large do



CHIC yet charming in its simplicity in this model of Dr. Pusser's Putent Leather shoe with the strap of being larged. A new process in manufacture makes this shoe basels are not finished and floather and some large.



articles may be purchased will be sent upo stamped, addressed envelope. (Continued on page 291

delicious servings FREE

We've got a

And, oh he's awfully wee-

and grow, So he could play with me.

But Mother says: "Just wait awhile— It won't be very long Before your—brother, too, Is big and fall and strong."

know that's true because he eats
Wheatena rich and brown.

I guess it's made me

The strongest in town.

that's been

Well-ripened in the

It's roasted through, And toasted too-

everyone.

We want you to taste the delicious nut-like flavor of this wooderful wheat cereal—Wheatena. Please mail this coupon, and we'll send you enough Wheatena for four

generous servings.

The Wheatens Corporation, Wheatensville, Rahway, New Jersey

on June 15™

then down come the tents and nacked is all the other paraphernalia of circus life. June 15th, you know, is the closing date of the Cravola Drawing Club Contest. If you haven't already sent for the picture to color-do so today.

Members of Cravola Drawing Club send 5¢ in stamps for this new Contest Drawing. To join the Club mail the Coupon with the flap of a box of Cravola Colored Crayons. (You can buy them at any store-but be sure it is Crayola.) Then you will receive your Crayola Drawing Pin and the big Circus Picture to color for the Prize Contest. Remember all pictures, carefully colored, must be mailed not later than June 15th.

> There is only one Cravolathe name is on every box-

BINNEY & SMITH CO. 41 East 42nd Street



BINNEY & SMITH CO., 41 East 42nd Street, New York Enclosed is flep of Crayola Box. Please or me in the Club and and Contest Picture.

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SAVE 75 cents by subscribing to Child Life for the next five months You'll want to read the thrilling mystery serial by Augusta Seaman-"The Inn of the Twin Anchors." Famous people-Jackie Cooper,

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## In the Shops



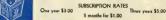








NSE Subscription Order Blank CHILD LIFE 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois Factored is \$1.00. Please enter a 5 month subscription to start with the July 1939 strue of Child Life for



### Queer Pets

NURBY, the little cub bear in the nicture Was born in northeastern Arizona in a rocky cave of Big Canyon, but one day he was captured by an Indian and taken to the camp of David Newell the writer Your older brother and sister probably read the story of "Cubby" in CHILD LIFE several years ago, and laughed over his enormous appetite for candy and chocolate ice cream cones and his habit of rocking himself to sleep, seated in a child's little rocking chair

Mary wasn't the only little girl to hav Virginia Allen with her lamb, Dusty. Several of the boys have unusual pets, too notice the picture of Lester Chace with his woodpeckers, Bobby Walton with a mar-moset he has trained himself and a boy of Washington, D. C., with his pet monkey! Miss Edna May Page has a pet that

most of you would not want to own —a real most of you would not want to own—a real show lion named Jackie. She as his trainer. Wouldn't everyone of you like a cat you could hitch to a cart and a Polly parrot who would sit in the cart and pretend to drive her? And wouldn't all of you like to own a cunning baby raccoon like the one in the treetop? When you fed him, he in the treetop? When you see nms, see would ait up on his haunches, holding the food in his forepaws, but before eating he would carefully sook it in water. He might be a hard pet to keep track of, though, for be a hard per to keep track or, though, for with his short legs and strong claws he can climb trees very ensity

### Our Workshop [Continued from page 296

to when the drawbridge is raised Cover the wall framework with waterproof building paper, or with cloth. Mother may have some old sheets that you can use, or, maybe, she will let you buy several vards of unbleached muslin. Use carnet tacks for fastening the covering material and pull the material taut to make a neat 100

The wall has a top with openings in it This is known as a battlement. The solid portions, called merlons, will require pieces of thin wood about 3 inches wide and 5 inches long. Nail these to the top of the wall with equal spacing

When you have completed the wall, set it in position where it is to stand, and brace it, as shown in Figure 4, with two strips of 1-by-2 pailed to the end uprights and to stakes driven into the ground

Figure 6 shows the framework of one of the towers. The top is a fruit or vegetable hamper, the base may be a bushel basket or another hamper, the sides are made of laths. Because laths are only 4 feet long. it is necessary to splice a 12-inch piece to the end of each, as shown in Figure 7 Nail the lath ends to the inside of the hamper, and to the outside of the basket of the base. Cover the tower frameworks as you covered the wall. Then finish the tops with blocks of wood to form battlements

Place the towers at the ends of the wall. and fasten them to the framework with nails. It will help to anchor the bases if you will fill the bottom baskets with earth

To complete the castle, paint the battlements and drawbridge white. Draw the windows on the wall and towers with crayons, and fill in the spaces with black paint.



## **KLEENEX** Disposable Tissues

Use for handkerchiefs, for drying, as a bib. for everything! Surprisingly inexpensive.

OTHERS call Kleeney"the friendly Mothers can kieenex the menny rissue" because it's so handy and practical for so many, many uses. Ir costs very little. You use each rissue just once, then destroy. It's even softer than linen. and infinitely more absorbent

Here are but a few of the many comments received from mothers: Kleenex makes the ideal handkerchief. It's so soft and absorbent that I

feel sure of the safety of it on baby's tender skin. "I dry my baby with Kleenex after her bath. Even old linen doesn't absorb moisture so effectively and thorough dry.

ing is important in any baby's comfort. 'I use a sheet of Kleeney tucked under the chin as grandfather does his napkin, when I give my baby her cod

## KLEENEX disposedle

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

liver oil and orange juice which stain clothes so badly. Baby's dresses are spotless and mother's temper much improved now. Kleenex also cuts down laundry expense." And these are only a few of the val-

uable uses for Kleenex! Use it to remove face creams and cosmetics the safe way It blors all dirt and impurities from the pores. Also use Kleenex to wipe eyeglasses, for polishing shoes, for dusting. You will want a box in every room in your house. Sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores.



In Canada, address: 510 Bay St., Torrato, Onterio

## Mother, heed your Doctor Use the powder he uses for baby

SHADE, texture, scent—all are important when you select a powder for personal use. But, in a powder for your haby the essential requirement is quality!

That is why Z. B. T. Baby Talc is approved and recommended so highly by the country's leading doctors and nurses . . . why it is used so extensively in famous hospitals and obstetrical clinics. The medical profession knows by experience how pure and safe this powder is-how it oot only soothes sensitive skin, but heals, as well!

Free from lime, mica or any other irritant, Z. B. T. contains a special ingredient which absorbs moisture, o entrelizes acids and guards against infectioo. It is especially effective in relieving summer chafing and prickly beat.

Protect your own skin, too, with Z. B. T. Whee perspiration causes peinful chafing, this pure bland talcum brings blessed relief. Use it also for "burning feet"-after shaving—and as a dusting powder.





Your druggist or chain store sells Z. B. T. in three sizes —50c, 25c and 10c. Resent substi-tutes! Get a can of Z. B. T. today and test it yourself. Or mail the coupon, with 4 cents to cover postage, for a full-size "Junior" can. FREE JUNIOR SIZE CAN Z. B. T. PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 2-6, Bronx, New York

Enclosed find 6c in stamps for which please send me a full-size "Junior" can of Z.B.T. Baky Toleron. SWE ADDRESS

## Our Answer to These Letters

"The House in Hidden Lane" by Augusta Seamso was the story I liked best. I like all mystery stories." Margaret C. Hissoo, Margaret C. Hissoo,

"The story I like best was 'The House in Hidden Lane." Dorothy McKioley,

"I hope you will start another mystery like 'The House in Hidden Lane' by Augusta Seaman." Betty Parkin Bound Brook, N. J.

Maracaibo, Venezuela, S. A.

## Augusta Seaman's New Mystery Serial

Leoo, Iowa

"The Inn of the Twin Anchors"

which is just beginning. Read this exciting serial in the next five issues of Child Life by returning the coupon below with \$1.00. This is a saving of 75 cents over the single copy price. r-----



Jack, and his sister from the city come to live at the Inn, and have thrilling adventures with Marcella.

Ĺ	CHILD LIFE, 536	S.Cz	k Se	ucz,	Chica	go				
Ĺ	I enclose \$1.00 morels	Please	send	Sie e	Child	Lé	for	the	text	6
ł	Name									

Modern Convenience |Continued from page 277|

announced that a typewriter had been entered which had been made in 1880. This would be awarded the prize as the oldest machine in

the contest, unless they could find out the date that their machine had been manufactured. The prizes were to be announced and awarded on Monday. At Sunday school the next morning the children found it hard to

teacher was saying, for they were in a continual fever of excitement. Suddenly, in the very middle of the Bible lesson, the door opened and Dave, who had not been there before, tiptoed in, his eyes shining. "Mr. Harvard found a date written on the bottom of one of

keep their attention on what the

the keys of our tyepwriter, and it was 1878," he whispered loudly to Bob. "Ours is the oldest but nobody's s'posed to know till tomorrow."

But nobody who was at Sunday school could help knowing, after one look at Dave, that the Modern Convenience was the winner.

Monday morning the staff went to thank Mr. Harvard and receive their prize.

"Well, kids, you win!" he said with a smile as he greeted them at the door. "I certainly was glad to find that date, so that you

could." "Gee, thanks a lot." Ted stam-

mered, "Gee-you're keen!" "And now that you have a nice new typewriter to print your paper with, will you sell me your old one? It's a very old make and we'd like to use it for advertising. you give it to me for ten dollars?" "What?" the staff demanded

"Sure," Mary replied, coming to her senses before the rest, "and we can have a banquet and invite Mr. Harvard. We always have wanted to have a banquet.

"I'll say," agreed Bob, "and we'll give him a free subscription to the paper, too. "Well, now that would be dandy," Mr. Harvard answered with

enthusiasm. "I'd love to come to the banquet and I was just thinking of subscribing to the Star for a year. But let's all jump in my car and I'll take you and your new typewriter home. I can get an ice cream soda all around, too, with that subscription money I'm

saving. How would you like that?"
I won't attempt to decipher to elecipher the children said to that because they all talked so fast that no one could understand them anyway, but Mr. Harvard seemed to know because they did have the ice cream sodas.

And happiness reigned, for next to the Star, the gang liked ice cream sodas best.

W

## The Battle Hymn of the Republic

place, a rumor spread of a great defeat to the Northern arms; how the prisoners were cast down, and gathered in sorrowful groups; heard how, after a time, a Negro came among them, and going from group to group, whispered that the rumor was false, that the Northern army was victorious, that Gettysburg had been fought and won. The glad tidings spread like wildfire through the prison, and one man, Chaplain McCabe, who was a reader and had seen the "Atlantic Monthly," lifted up his great voice and sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, the soldiers all joining in the chorus.

Later, when the war was over, and all hearts were full of thankfulness, my mother heard how the same man, at a great gathering in Washington, sang the hymn again, and how Abraham Lincoln, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, cried out, "Sing it again, sing it again!"

This is the story, dear children, of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. I wish you could have heared my mother recite it. I wish you could have seen the gracious white figure, the uplifted eyes, and heard the silver voice speaking the immortal words. She is gone, but her song remains with us always.

I have one more word to say. When you sing the Battle Hymn, do not sing it as if the tune were a jig! It is a march, stately and glorious. Sing it so that your singing will do honor to the words!

(We know that you will want to take your magazine to school, so that your classmates may enjoy this mapping story with you).



## See How Appetites Grow

## when they eat their milk instead of drinking it

HERE is an easy, safe may to make milk more tempting... a way which thousands and thousands of mothers use successfully to get children to take more milk, and build appetites for vegetables and other foods.

### Avoid Concoctions Which Make Milk Over-Rich

So many children are underweight and suffer from feeble appetites that many mothers are strengling with this problem. It is easy, authorities now point out, to substitute one harm for another by adding preparations to milk which create an over-rich mixture . . . thereby often aggravating loss of appetite, causing harmful, to-quickly-added fat, and other

For 50 years Junket has been endorsed by dictitians here and abroad, and used in world-famous hospitals. It is approved by 5 out of 6 authoritative texts on child care.

Enzyme In Junket Aids Digestion

Junket induces an increased flow of the gastric juices, vital to digestion of all foods. It digests quicker and easier than milk alone because of the enzyme it contains. Thus junket aids digestion in two ways. Leaving the stomach faster, junket encourages early return of appetite for the next meal, even when eather between meals.

### A Quick Dessert for the Whole Family

Serve junket tonight for the children . . . and see also what a popular dessert it is with the entire family. No eggs . . no cooking . . . made in a minute, sets in 10

cooking... made in a minute, sets in 10
minutes. Six delicious flavors, each a
natural color. Make junket with either
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and flavored... or Junket Tablets which
you sweeten and flavor to taste.

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(E)P	
Section 1.9	Powder or Tablets, and send face of it to us.
13. 14.	Green's Name Address

Ny See



## Roly-Poly Says Good Morning

By Eleanore H. Cooper



NCE there was a little fluffy white doe named Royl-Poly. He lived in a fittle house in the large introduced with his mother and his sisters and irrobine many and the sisters and the sisters and the large interest and the sister and the large interest and the large interest as from the large in the large interest as from the large in the large interest and interest an

"Try to say, 'Bow-wow,'" his mother told his "That is the way a dog says good morning."

"I do try," said Roly-Poly, a little crossly.
"Then try harder!"
One fine morning Roly-Poly went for a walk. On the back porch of the house he found Mrs. Cat lying stretched out in the sun, with her four little kittens.

Roly-Poly sat up very straight with his front paws out. "Ow-ow," he said as politely as he could. "Mew, mew," said Mrs. Cat which was her very

politest way of saying good morning.
"M-ow— m-ow," said Roly-Poly, and it sounded

so funny that the kittens laughed.

Then Roly-Poly knew that he had not said good

morning properly, and he put his four paws on the ground and trotted off.
"Do not laugh at the little doggie," said the mother cat. "He meant to be polite, but he hasn't

learned how yet."

Soon Roly-Poly came to Mrs. Hen, scratching in the dirt, while her twelve little chickens ran around picking up bugs and worms. "Cluck-cluck." she

good morning to him.
"Cl-ow, cl-ow," he said, sitting up very straight
with his front paws out, and it sounded so funny
that those little chickens laughed.

"Don't laugh," said Mother Hen. "The little doggie wants to be polite, but he doesn't know how." Roly-Poly knew that he had not said good morning properly, and he put his four paws on the ground and trotted off. "Soon he met Mrs. Duck, who was taking her ten little decklings to the pond who was taking her ten little decklings to the pond up straight with his front paws out. Oh, how he wanted to say good morning properly! But all he wanted to say good morning properly! But all he

could say was "Qu-ow, Qu-ow!" That sounded so queer that all the little ducklings laughed. "Don't laugh, children," said Mrs. Duck. "That little dog wants to be polite, but he doesn't know how." "I will go home to Mother." said Rolv-Poly.

"She will teach me how to say good morning. I want to be politie and I don't want people to laugh at me." Down on his four paws he got, and away he ran, shaking the hair out of his eyes. "Mother, Mother, will you teach me to say good morning? I'll try

ever so hard."
"Yes," said his mother. "All you need to say is
"Bow-wow"—but say it very politely. That is the

way the dogs say good morning."

Roly-Poly sat up straighter than he had ever sat before, and he put his paws out more carefully than he had ever done before. "Ow-ow-," he said, and then he tried again. "Bow-wow!" Bow-wow!"

"Hurrah!" said his mother. "Now you can say good morning as well as any little dog."

good morning as well as any little dog."

And after that Roly-Poly never had any trouble saving good morning.





## Cottage Cheese

By Clara Ingram Judson Author of "Child Life Cook Book," "Billy Robin" series,

You'll like our cooking this month, for we're going to bake and make salads that you can do when Mother has guests. Moreover, we shall mold one of our salads like clay-which, of course, it isn't. All of these goodies are made from a product of our magic food-milk. You didn't knew milk was magic?

Dear me, why not test it and see? Pour a glassful of fresh milk-smooth and white, isn't it? No magic there; it's merely milk. But wait, where is the cream? In the milk. Let your glassful stand a bit in a cool place and soon a top layer of cream will appear. It's been in the milk all the while, but you couldn't see it. In the cream is butter, the kind you spread on your bread for luncheon, though I'll wager you didn't see any hutter when you poured out the milk. Nor is that the end of the magic. Cheese is in your milk-many kinds of cheese. Do you want to prove it? Some day when your milk has been too warm and has begun to "turn" (that means get watery at the bottom and thick at the top), pour it into a saucepan and heat it slowly to a boil. Then pour it through a clean bit of cheesecioth and catch the cheese. That's the way this cloth sets its name. Because anyone even in the littlest house can make this simple cheese, it is called cottage cheese. But somehow we always drink our milk, so we buy our cottage cheese from the milkman. It's good all the year around, so you can use these recipes often. We'll make our salad first.

### PEAR AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

Study the recipe, assemble the supplies and then, before doing the modeling part of this recipe, give your hands a final scree.

The cottage cheese in this recipe is to be modded into a shape just as you would mold clay. It's great fun to do but hands and finger nails must be immaculate—and that means clean.

Allow ½ cooked pear and 2 leaves of lettuce for each person and you could pear and 2 seaves of secture for each person to be served. Serving 6 we need 6 halves of pear, 12 leaves lettuce, 1 cupful cottage cheese, % cupful salad dressing (mayonnaise or French made with lemon juice, as you like; we vote for French dressing usually.)

Wash and crisp the lettuce.

Drain the pears, put into a howl, dribble 2 tablespoonfuls of French dressing over them and put in a cold place to chill. Ruh the cottage cheese through a fine sieve so that the particles will be very fine. Add ½ teaspeonful salt and x tablespoonful cream and blend till smooth. Chill.

Put the cottage cheese in a pile in the center of a chilled plate. With your fingers, mold the cheese into the shape of a small

With your fingers, mold the cheese into the shape of a small animal—we made a monuse the best. Have his found low, his animal—we made a monuse the best. Have his found low, his With a blunt butter knife make tuny ridges along each side of his back, shape his ears and point his none. Pit a pinch of black pepper here and there for his two eyes and a ninch of black pepper here and there for his two eyes and a ninch of long for details, modd the figure the best you can, then stop, Arrange the pears, flat side down around the cheese; mod and next the better around the pears. Pass the dressing in

a howl, separately.

COTTAGE CHEESE COOKIES Into a mixing howl put 1/2 cupful cottage cheese, 3 table-spoonfuls hutter, 5 tablespoonfuls flour, 1/2 traspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly and chill.

Divide into two portions.
Put on a floured hoard and roll thin. Put on a Houred board and roll thin.

Cut one portion with a medium—sized, round cooky cutter.

Put a spoonful of red jelly or jam in the center of each and
crimp up the odge around, so that the jam doean't side off in
laking. Cut the other portion in smaller circles or into squares

or hearts. Put a very small portion of cavity, anchory pastle or grated cheese on each

Bake in a moderately hot oven (375), haking the small ones 20, and the jam ones 25 minutes. These little novelty cookies are delicious for tea or with fruit punch: the caviar and anchory cookies will be a nice surprise for Mother's dinner party sometime, as they are perfect for the appetizer course at dinner.

()ne tube and they're Won!



to the toothpaste that tastes good. All children like Colgate's ... and Colgate's likes them

Maybe you despair about those children of yours sometimes. Seems they just won't fall into regu-

lar habits about brushing their teeth. Well, possibly this is boasting on our part, but we're sure they'll change around on the very first tube of Colgate's.

Of course, the answer's not far to seek. They like it. Colgate's bas a fresh, clean, nice taste. Gives the same feeling as a drink of cool spring water on a dusty August day. So it doesn't take long for those kids to fall right into the Colgare habit And that means their teeth will be clean . . .

and bright . . . and sparkling. Million dollar smiles. And yet Colgate's costs but a quarter That's something to remember these days.



uct has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council



CHILD LIFE



## and Fascinating Game

























































26





28





29



30

25

HERE'S HOW EASY

IT IS TO MAKE YOUR OWN MOVIE! left of number

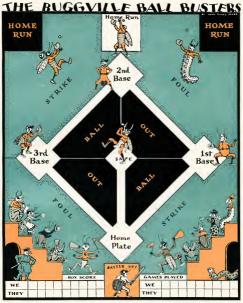
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ends together at the back of nicture 30. Wran the ends



### DIRECTIONS

NOW the bugs have started playing baseball just like harmonic boys and girls, and two crack teams are now and the start of the start of

ones:

Three strikes make an out Each player has three outs to an inning.

Nine innings make a game.
Four balls allow you to place a man on first bas A foul counts as a strike except when it is the third

A rout counts as a strike except when it is the third strike; then the turn is taken again.

Men on base may be represented by beans or smaller buttons. If you should have a man on any of the bases and knock a home run, both men are scored. Play Bal—II

CHILD LIFE 309



### SPERLI THE CLOCKMAKER By Daisy Neumann

Sperli comes from the forest with his pack on his back and his head full of stories, songs and riddles for the boys and girls of a German village.

### A TRAIN, A BOAT, AND AN ISLAND By Charlotte Kuh

A travel story of a family who went to Bermuda. Full of detail and pictures that people from six to eight enjoy.

### CLEAR TRACK AHEAD By Henry B. Lent

The railroad book for which small boys have been waiting long. Many pictures and dia-grams make clear the interested text by the author of Diggers and Builders. . . \$2.00

### WINGS OVER HOLLAND By Enid Johnson and Anne M. Peck Small boys in Holland are not very different

from those in America for, although they talk and dress differently, they long to be aviators too. A delightful story of present day Hol-

### POLLWIGGLE'S PROGRESS By Wilfrid S. Bronson

Just how Pollwiggle grew from a polliwog to a full fledged builfrog, amusingly told in amusing prose and many pictures. . \$2.25

### THE CHOOSING BOOK By Alice Dalgliesh

A family goes shopping and you make their choice for them. A book for very small readers by the author of The Blue Teapot. . . \$1,25

#### THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York Atlanta Chicago Dallas San Francisco

Good Citizens' League

June 1255

MOTTO: Responsibility. CREED-I live in one of the best countries in the world and

wish to do all I can to make it better Every day I will do at least one thing to show that PLEDGE: I am a good citizen.

#### Flag Day

FEEL exactly like Betsy Ross," said Miriam as she securely stitched a white star in place on a blue field. The girls in their school branch of the Good Citizens' League had decided to make their own flag to unfurl at their Plag Day program. "Well, I feel like George Washington," said Harvey who had spent a whole Saturday afternoon at the library looking up information about that first flag, and now he felt he knew almost as much about it as had General Washington when he drew the first design to help Betsy Ross in her sewing. "You know, the red and white stripes in the flag are just like the stripes in Washington's coat of arms, and the stars are like the stars in his shield " "Oh. no. they're not." Helen interrupted. "Those were six-

pointed stars. Betsy Ross suggested a five-pointed star."
"Yes," said Miss Judson, "but it was John Adams who wanted the stars arranged as a circle, because a circle has no end. The constellation of Lyra (which was named that from the lyre of Orpheus, an old Greek poet and musician) was a circle of thirteen stars, which stood for harmony since Oroheus' music was so beautiful. Because John Adams and the others were anxious to have harmony among the states, they chose the circle of stars for their new flar. Later, though, when new states becam to be admitted to the United States and Congress decided to add a star for each new state, it was no longer possible to arrange the stars as a circle.

Although the Stars and Stripes was officially adopted by the Congress June 14, 1777, it was not the first flag to be used by the colonies. Russell, who was so good at drawing, looked up pictures of some of the earlier ones and made crayon and water color sketches to be displayed in the schoolroom. There was the red flag used at Bunker Hill, with a pine tree and St. George's cross on a white square. There was the first striped flag which Washington unfurled during the siege of Boston in 1776, and there were others. Helen made a set of pictures of the flags of other lands to be displayed at their Flag Day program

And what an interesting program it was! Not only did they tell the stories they had learned about the flag for an admiring audience of friends and parents, but several members read such well loved poems as "America for Me" by Van Dyke, and
"The American Figg" by Drake. They sang "America the
Beautiful," "Hail Columbia," and "The Battle Hymn of the
Republic," and last of all they unfurled the flag the girls had made, while the members stood at salute and the audience sang The Star Spangled Banner

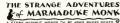
"The flag stands for a lot, doesn't it?" said Elizabeth later. "Yes," said Miss Judson, "it stands for all the glorious things America has done in the past and for the wonderful things we hope she will do in the future. It stands for the American people—for you boys and girls among them. So to be proud of your flag, you must first be able to be proud of yourselves. So there's another reason for learning to be good citizens."

### To Counselors and Teachers We shall be glad to cooperate with you in organizing a branch

league among your pupils or other young friends and shall send you pins and a handbook. Address Frances Cavanah, Manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago The following activities are suggested for June:

1. I read the story of the American flag made by Betsy Ross. 2. I read about some of the early flags used in the colonies.

- 3. I drew a picture of one of these flags.
- 4. I drew a picture of a flag of some other nation.
- 5. I learned the proper way to salute the flag. 6. I learned a new patriotic poem or song.
- 7. I took part in a Flag Day celebration.
  8. I read the story of "The Sattle Hymn of the Republic."
  9. I read the story of "The Star Spangled Banner."













### Give an Add-a-pearl Necklace for Commencement

June time is advancement and graduation time. Make your little girl the proud possessor of a lovely Add-a-pearl necklace—the gift that lives and grows. Add pearls on all gift occasions.

### Why Pearls are so Valuable

Although pearls are obtained by diving far beneath the blue waters of Oriental Seas, sometimes as many as 17 years pass without the production of one single pearl oyster. This happens when thousands of little pearl oysters are kept from attaching themselves to coral reefs because of tropical storms that cause them to be weept out to the vest waters of the sea and lost.

Three elements that hinder the development of lustrous pearls are the Ray, an animal which feeds on young and old objects; the Honeycomb Sponge that pierces and kills the oyster and the Sargosum Weed which sufficeates it. The oyster has other enemies too, so it is little wonder that when the pearl oyster escapes death, it is very valuable.

An initial Add-a-pour! Necklace of 3 pourls on a fine gold chois, may be purchased for an ilitile as 35. Other prime range \$15-\$25-\$25 and more, depending on the size of the pearls. Croup additions may be purchased from \$10-single pourls as lose as \$1.0.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY, Chicago

"add-a-pearl



The Portable Bath Kit-Holds Everything

\$400 empty

DR. CHARLOTTE RICHMOND 5 Prospect Place, Tudor City, New York City

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## Mother\_

## Where is France?



THAT'S a simple question, one of hun-dreds every child asks. But can you answer it so your child will really know where France is? You can if you have a beautiful Rand McNally Indexed Globe of the World in

your home. You can answer thousands of questions, quickly, completely, accurately. A globe aids your child in his school work, teaches him to seek answers to his own questions, and provides him with a true understanding of the world in which he lives.

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## The Moaning Haystack

[Continued from page 271]

It was Lonny who guessed the explanation of the mystery before he had time to be frightened.

Why, it's brother Julian!" he exclaimed. "That's the sleeve of his old blue jersey! An' he's fallen off the haystack and hurt himself, and all that hay

came down with him!" In a flash Edie saw that this was true. And a

moan from the figure at her feet explained also the origin of the noise that had scared them. Instead of being inside the havstack, it had been just outside. Evidently their brother had been hiding on top of the stack and had fallen off, trying to escape being found, when the hunters had climbed over it

Edie knelt down at once and began brushing aside the hav. The stack was high and the ground was hard. What if he had hurt himself badly? Soon the boy's face appeared, white and drawn, his eyes closed. But what alarmed his sister and brother was the little smear of blood near his mouth. They exchanged scared glances. "I'm afraid he's awfully hurt!" whimpered Lonny.

"Yes," agreed Edie. "You must stay with him. Lon, while I run over to the barn and see if I can find the gardener to carry him down to the house."

Lonny nodded bravely, and she turned and ran. Instead of the gardener Edie found her big brother Ed, who had come up to the barn to saddle a horse and ride to town.

Breathlessly Edie told him her tale, and they both hurried to the haystack. Soon the unconscious boy was being gently carried down to the house in the arms of his brother, while Lonny and Edie ran on ahead to tell the news.

The rest of the children had gathered around the corner of the house which they were using for a goal for the game they were still playing, and when they saw Edie and Lonny they shouted triumphantly. They were just about to tag them. but the younger children's anxious faces and the sight of Ed appearing from the woods, with Julian limp in his arms, soon made them understand that their sudden appearance was not part of the game.

Ed at once saddled his horse and rode for the doctor, and in a week or two the patient was well again, and able to go out and play. But that evening while the excitement was still fresh, the Mason children gathered solemnly about Edie and Lonny. To their delight, Ros told them that it had been decided after all, to count them, "All Sorts Out In Free," since they had done so well in getting Julian taken care of when he was hurt. Anyway, all the children agreed that nobody could help being frightened out of a hiding place by a havstack that moaned.

### Frederick A. Stock

For many years Fredrick Stock has been speaking to the boys For many years Fredrick Stock has been speaking to the boys and girk who live or visit in Chengo through his music, as an experiment of the control of the control of the chightent and the control of the control of the control of the control of boys and girls who read Child Life in the impriring message he sends you this month. Mr. Stock, you know, has been for many years conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Born in Germany, the United States is now proud to claim him as one of her own citizens.

### Journeys to Advertising Land [Continued from page 291]

are making Talon slide fasteners for the Brownies. We have to go all over the world and travel so quickly that we don't have time to bother with buttons and buttonholes. And then the mother Brownies are so busy that they

And then the modher Brownies are so busy that they don't have time to see out all the bustless that get torn the state of core up a packet and showed them how the Talon sened by pulling the tab down and how it closed when

the tab was pulled up.
"Why, that's just like the thing on the balloon, isn't it?" asked Ruth

the "matter Both." The second that the second the second that the second that

"On mostly reversibility." We have the little ones on colother said the liquous on our luggare, because you know we sometimes have to carry things with as or our sources. Some of the bownies have put them on their house instand of locks and both. But I don't up to the liquous limited of locks and both. But I don't up to liquous the liquous limited of locks and both. But I don't don't liquous lin On nearly everything! We have the little ones on

time we usave getting dressed for smoot. I bet if we had these on our clothes we'd never be late!"
"Yes," answered Ruth, "and just think how much energy they would save Mother. She's always having

energy they would save Mother. She's always having to sew on our buttons and fix the buttonholes we tear. I think that if we told Mother about Talons she would have them on all our clothes." Ruth turned to speak to Brownie Talontite. She clapped her hands and cried, "That's where you get your name! Brownie Talontite. The Brownie with the Talon

name! Brownie Talonue.

"Of coarse! We're all named Brownie Talontite. I'm
Frownie Talontite Jim, and the one at the door is Tom,
and that one over there is lack. You see, we have our
last name first because all growns call as Erownie Talontite.

Chood, said Brownie Talontite. "It's time for
a on back. Brownie Talontite." It's time for
a on back.

us to go back."

Ruth and Robert gave one last look around Brownie
Ruth and Robert gave one last look around Brownie Taiontite urged them to hurry. They ran through the tunnel and out of the door. Their belloon was all ready for them. They sailed through the air rapidly and the hasket of the balloon rocked and swaved. Robert the basset of the balloon rocked and swayers, rocket, and Ruth got very drowsy from the motion. Soon they were fast asleep. Without waking them, the balloon sailed into their room, rested on the bed and then dis-appeared. Brownie Taloutite grinned at the sleeping children and ran to their desk and wrote a little note for them. Folding it, he tucked it in Robert's shoe and skipped to the window. As he disappeared out of the window he was singing the words he had written, thinking that it made a very good lullaby for Baby Brownie:

> "Sing a song of Talon. The quick and easy way Of getting on your clothes And getting out to play.

"Even the baby Brownies zip themselves into Talontite clothes. Good luck! BROWNIE TALONTITE'

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## Letters to Channy

ters to Channy

for soldiers, where they made us stay till daylight. Even then they kent us waiting while they looked at our passmorts and things One kind soldier brought us all some hat tea\_the first hat thing me had had for days. Oh but it tooted good! At five o'clock, just after the sun rose bright gold across the desert, we started again, with a soldier in each car. By eight o'clock we had reached Damascus with its green trees, its red nonnies its neonle on donkeys and camele and, what interested us most of all, its good hotel! Here we got cleaned up and ate a wonderful breakfast. Boy that food tasted good! And we could drink all the water we wanted!

water we wanted!

We were so much behind time
that we couldn't stay in Damsacus
more than a few hours, when we
had to pile into two other automobiles and start for Jernsalem

And the story from there on I'll leave for Mother.

Good-by, son of mine. Daddy loves you more than the whole wide desert, and more than this big Black Sea we are crossing while I am writing. Maybe you can find it on your map too, and see how far we have come since we crossed the desert from Bagdad to Damascus.

See you in three months from the time you get this.

Your loving,

CHANNY'S ANSWER Dear Pather:

I saw a lizard running around in the front yard. Janet caught him and I made a cage for him out of screening. Mary caught a bis spider for him to eat. It was brownish yellow. At Janet's and Edith's school there is a big sliding board and it has some bumps in it. We play down there sometimes.

We are in Georgia now, and when we first came we went to visit Aunt Dorrie and Uncle Herman and John and Joanna and Marion and the dogs and the three kittens and the mother and the father of the kittens.

But this part of Georgia that we're in now is named Atlanta, Georgia. There is a woods at the back of the house and a pool. There is a little French police dog on this



# Los Angeles

 a very good reason for going to California on your vacation.

Grand Canyon on the way without change of Pullmans, another reason . . . and Indian-detours still another reason. The cool Colorado Rockies, too

Summer CURSIONS

You will be amazed how far you can go and how much you can see even in two weeks.

Santa Fe "Olympic Games" folder contains many interesting pictures and an excellent map of the United States. Mail coupon for free copy.

All-expense Tours on certoin days this summer

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Santo Fe System Lines 7006 Railway Evols, Bldts, Chicago, III. Send free Xith Olymoled, Grand Canyon and clian-detours folders and information about Santa



### What a difference appetite makes! Ralston Wheat Cereal with its added Vitamin B, actually creates eager appetites.

No MORE coaxing determined young "hunger strikers" in futile attempts to make them eat! Now you can create an eager appetite for your child. Scientists recently discovered that the

Scientists recently discovered that the reason for listless appetites among so many children today is a deficiency of vitamin B—the appetite-stimulating vitamin. To make it easy for you to assure your child an adequate supply of this important factor—Raiston Wheat Cereal is now enrighed with extra vitamin B.

Now in each bowl of deficious Ralston Wheat Cereal you can provide your child with an abundance of the elements of whole wheat which are so essential to normal growth and health, and liberal quantities of the appetite-atimulating vitamia B, Your whole family will enjoy the wholesome

the wholesome flavor of this cereal which cooks in five minutes and costs less than one cent a serving!

Ralston Parina Co., N Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. street. He's a puppy and he likes to play and chase us. I was walking down the street to the store to get some screen for my lizard's cage, when that puppy chased me till I fell down and skinned my arm and my les.

Allais' house is on Morningside Drive. We know some friends on this street. Their names are Suzanne and Hunter and Bobbie and Nancy and Helen and Betty and Junior. The Cheyneys are down in Atlanta. They have work down

here and they come to visit us.

Allais' have some pretty green
awnings upon their porch, and I'm
sitting under them right now writing this letter. There are lots of
trees around here, and there are
lots of pretty houses too, and pretty
butterflies and fireflies.

All we see in the fields hardly are cotton and sugar cane, and what they plant them in is red soil. There are hardly any mosquitoes down here but plenty of files. It's lucky because my lizard likes files.

I had four turtles that I found out in the woods, but I let them all go but one. I let Marion take one home with her. Do you know why I let them all go? Because I'm going to get two little green turtles.

I like Georgia even better than the farm because there are so many new things to do and different

things to see.

I enjoyed your letter lots about the desert, especially that part where those shadows came. It was lucky that you had a soldier with

you with guns and things.

In six more weeks I am going back and I won't like it so well, because I like Atlanta so much. But it will be nice to see you and the whole family again. How many places did you go to? I want to know because I want to give you

that many kisses and hugs.

My teacher told me I was going to pass into third grade because I did all my second-grade work.

I will write to you again when I have more things to tell you. I

love you very much and Margaret and Bice and Florence and Mike and everybody. Give them some of the kisses and hugs from CHANDLER.

(You have been enjoying the letters of Mrs. Carteon. Washburns to Chanqy, her young son, shout the trip side has been taking account the world with her brip side has been taking account the world with her bright the state of the side of the side

GOOD KING BANANA



"Hello, King Banana," Said Bobby and Sue, "Here's pencil and paper, We're waiting for you!"

"That's fine," said the King,
"And here's what we'll draw--A yellow Canary
Like one I just saw,



It's easy to do,
Then put in a beak,
And a feather or two

"A couple of feet,
Then a tail and a wing—
And there's a Canary
All ready to sing!"



This Canary is singing because he's healthy and happy. (Why should's the be—he's made out of a bisnam!) You can be healthy and happy, too, by eating bannas. Bisnams bring you energy for work and play, vitamins and minerals for health and strength. Would you like a Good Health poster to color with crayons? It is free. Justsendin the coupon.

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in; sho a booklet of the newest basses recipes for Mother.

Address
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You know—and doctors will tell you—that crup germs invisibly wait their chance on makeshill plientors. Colds, croup, and worse diseases a transferred to tender tissues. Be eafe.



SEND 10c



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... of the sustained interest, the happy concentration induced by Playskool Products, in even their youngest ohildren. These colorful, learning while playing playthings afford endless amusement . . . inspire crestive affort . . . provide real benefits in sense training and muscular coordination. See these approved educational playthings at department stores and children's shops, and send ten cents for "Pre-School Training in The Home," a helpful hooklet for parents of young children.

Playskosi Play-a-Toy Town A toy village consist-ing of large pease and object blocks with in-dividual peg bases.

HAVSKOOL



"I think it's jolly!" cried Jack. "I'd love to live there." "It's really quite nice inside," explained Marcella. "He has a lovely old Franklin stove-one of the kind, you know, that are really like an open fireplace-and he

The Inn of the Twin Anchors

[Continued from page 278] "But what does he do for a

living?" demanded the practical Jill. "He must have to have some money for food and things, even if he does live in a lonely spot like this. Does he work at anything?"

"That's another queer thing." went on Marcella, "He doesn't work at anything for money-that we're certain of. And yet he always seems to have plenty to eat and all the clothes and other things he needs. He even buys some of those queer things for his museum from places along the coast here sometimes. If he hears of anyone who has some really old and interesting thing like a map or chart or figurehead or something, he'll go and offer them quite a good deal of money to buy the things. But no one knows where he gets that money."

Maybe he's a pirate and has stolen it!" supplied Jill, with the vivid memory of "Treasure Island" and other pirate-lore in her mind.

Marcella laughed.

'No, you'd never think that if you saw him," she said. "He doesn't look or act the first bit like a pirate. Daddy says he's one of the most perfect gentlemen he ever talked to, and awfully interesting besides. He has a lot of books in his shack and sometimes he loans them to Dad. No. it isn't that! You'll have to guess again, Jill. But, look! There's

his shack, right along there between those two high dunes. He built it where it would be sheltered from the high northeast and northwest winds They all gazed down the beach toward the odd-looking shack sheathed with tarpaper and a long

tin pipe that plainly served as a chimney, sticking up in one corner. It seemed to crouch down between the dunes as if begging shelter of their protecting bulk.

"What a looking dump!" sniffed lill. "Is it as funny inside as it is outside?"

He's made all of the furniture himself and it's awfully cozy.

They made their way closer to the shack in the dunes, and Marcella promised that if the hermit were at home, she would ask if they could come in and look at his museum, which was in a connecting

building off to the back. "I think be's home," she said, because the front door is standing open. He always locks it when he goes down the beach or off anywhere. He must be inside or somewhere quite near."

In another moment they were standing before the door and peering curiously inside, while Marcella rapped loudly on the panel. But there was no answer, nor did anyone appear around the back of the house. Marcella ran lightly up the nearest dune which was quite high. and gazed all about the horizon. Then she turned and came down,

"There's something awfully queer about this!" she whispered. "He doesn't answer and he isn't anywhere about. He never left the place alone and open like this before. I wonder what has happened to him!"

(To be continued)

### Little Boy Who Didn't Like His Breakfast (Continued from more 979)

"Tweet, tweet, Little Boy!" sang Robin Redbreast on the fence. "Cheer up! Your breakfast is all ready, but I have to hunt for mine!" And he flew away to look for bugs. Just then Little Boy's mother came to the front door and called, "Come, Little Boy. Breakfast!"

And Little Boy ran and ran along the path, up the steps and into the house and sat right down to his little white table. Little Dog tagged along too. Sure enough, there stood his nice

breakfast, waiting for him. Down went Little Boy's orange juice! Um-m, it was nice! In went his oatmeal, spoonful after spoonful. How good it tasted!

And the buttered toast was just right and the egg neither too hard nor too soft, and the milk just flowed, lickety-split, down the little red lane!

"Mv!" said Little Boy, "Oh, burns driftwood from the beach. my, what a good breakfast I have!"

## Joy Givers'Club

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have taken CHILD LIFE for three years and enjoy it very much. I like "Muggins Mouse" and "Letters To Channy" the best. A few days ago it snowed. We were all very excited as it has never snowed in South Pasadena before. At school everybody threw snowballs.

Your loving reader. BETTY JANE GOOD.





Dear Miss Barrows:

I have been a subscriber to Child Life for two years and I enjoy it very much. I live in the old city of Mobile on Mobile Bay. We have flowers all year around, but the pretriest of all is the szalea. It attracts many visitors in the spring. We have Just had a visit from Old Ironsides which stayed a week and attracted thousands of people. I am sending you a picture of myself on

a pony, which was lent to me by the mayor of Mobile, taken at my uncle's farm. I am looking forward to summer because I enjoy swimming very much. I have a pool in my back yard and there are many more places to swim around here.

Your friend.

ANNE FRAZER. Age 11. Mobile, Ala.

MY VISIT TO SAN ANTONIO During last summer my family and I took a delightful trip to San Antonio. We visited many interesting places, but my favorite was the Alamo. This was a fort that was used during the Mexican War. It was destroyed except for the front, but

it has been built up again As you entered the front you would see a stone floor. To the left and right were stone rooms where prisoners were kent. As you would go in farther, you would see long glass cases in which pistols, swords, old stamps, money, and war papers were kept. All along the sides were large cannon and on the wall was a huge American flag surrounded by pictures of important men who fought in the Mexican War. I'm sure every boy and girl would enjoy

taking a similar trip. Your junior friend,

Age 11.

EMMA MAE LANZ. Welsh, La.

Age 10.

#### DREAMS

Once a little maid With golden hair Walking through a glade

Saw pretty flowers there. She named them tulio And honeysuckle sweet. When a bee flew up,

Soaring high and fleet. Then off she sped After the bee Which flew on ahead.

Leading toward the lea. The bee flew over The red-blossomed top

Of a field of clover. The child did not ston. Soon she began to cry Where, where was she?

And oh my, oh my! That little girl was me. MARY LAVINIA CARSWELL Age 8. Augusta, Ga.



Dear Miss Barrows:

I like CHILD LIFE read to me. like "Timothy's Easter Eggs" and "The Toytown Tattler" best. Sinorrely, CHARLES HENRY HUBER,

Age 4. Terre Haute, Ind.

DEAR MISS BARROWS: One day our English teacher asked us to take the tune of any popular song and write spring thoughts to it. The tune I chose was "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," is the way my poem went:

Springtime and the flowers are all growing In the garden with their fragrance and their colors of blue. Pansies and the bluebells, the violets and

the crocuses too, All fresh in the morning with dew. Their perfumes are always so rare.

I love these flowers to wear, And when I see them in the garden with Their faces turned toward the sun. I think of what great work God has done!

Will you publish my song? Maybe other boys and girls will enjoy singing my poem to that tune. Sincerely.

CALVIN TRUNK Contesville, Pa.



### THIS TAB protects THE PURITY OF BABY'S FOOD

Wirm this new Hygeia Nipple, your fingers need never touch the sterilized inside surface of the nipple. Just grasp the tab and slip the nipple on or off in a

This new nipple is just one of the sanitary features of the famous Hygeia Nurser . . . the Nurser endorsed by nurses and physicians. Used in more than 2000 hospitals. The wide-mouthed bottle is easily cleaned, easily sterilized, easily filled. The Hygria Nipple is shaped like mother's hreast. GUARANTEE: Each Hyprin Cell is guaranteed to

withstand all temperature changes encor regular use. Any defective Cell will be promptly reord. Hygein Nursing Bottle Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Each two-ounce feeding of the new Hygeia Strained Vegetables con-tains as much vitamin-D as two tenspoons of standard cod-liver oil. Licensed under Steenbock Patents. Approved by Good Housekeeping and The Parents' Magazine, Ac-cepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. At your druggist.



ON THE FARM

We had such fun down on the farm. I want to go back again I'll try to be a real good gir And then perhaps I can.

DOROTHEA UREY.

Clearfield, Pa-

When I was on the farm

I played in the barn; I slid down the hay

Early one morning

Age 10.

And saw the red sun Pren out of the sky One day we went to the field And watched them reaping wheat. The reaper cut the wheat so nice, And piled it up quite neat

### Let Calvert School come to you

CALVERT SCHOOL, since its foundation 34 ago, has successfully taught thousands of CANERY SCHOOL, since the freedation 34 yr ages, has soccessfully Integrit thousands of clean in their own because in every part of week. Caver those languages in the society part of week of the society of the society

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#### CALVERT SCHOOL 16 E. Tuseany Road Baltimore, Md.



This is a picture of the kitten we had in Maine last summer. I hope you will print it in the magazine. It is also a picture of me. I like all the stories in your magazine. especially "Letters to Channy,"

ROY D. HOLLAND Philadelphia, Pa.



Dear Miss Barrows: I have taken CHILO LIFE for four years and like it very much. My favorite story was "The Mystery of Miffles." I have a little sister aged eight. I also have three pets, Fanny, Willie, and Sonny, the former ones being gold fishes and the latter being a turtle. Inclosed you will find a picture. The dark spot on the stoop is the turtle. Inclosed also you will find a poem about the turtle: Little, funny, wabbly, thing,

How can you go so slow Sometimes your head is tucked far in, Or stretched out as you go.

Age 11.

Scranton, Pa.

## From a loving reader, EMERY NEMETHY

Dear Miss Barrows:

I have a gray kitten for a pet. He likes to lie on my lap. I have a sister six years old and she is in the first grade. She plays with the kitten, too I love CHILO LIFE and the stories. Tell the beloers I want to thank them for the

> Your little reader. DOROTHY HALE. Rogersville, Tenn.

Dear Miss Barrows: I thank you ever so much for the letter that you sent me, also for the membership

card which I will keep forever. I enjoy my magazine very much because it always has those mystery stories in it.

I like them very much. There was a new mystery story going on again in the June marazine and I can't wait until it comes. Whenever the magazine comes I read it and then I give it to my friend and she hands it to someone else, so it just keeps right on going till nearly everyone has read

it. I go to a convent and there are a lot of girls who like to read the magazine. I have had it so long that I cannot give it up. Reading is my hobby anyway.

Very lovingly yours MARIANNE G. PAULI, Ft. Wadsworth, Staten Island, N. Y.

## CAMPS

## Pine Tree Camp MISS BLANCHE D. PRICE

OSOHA-OF-THE-DUNES

On Chain of 27 lakes. 16th season. mp activities. camp activities. French Convert Many trips by canoe, horseback, tru motor boat. College graduate staff tor and nurse. Enroll early. Wri Three Lakes

OSEBO CAMP for BOYS PORTGAGE LAKE, MICH



When it's dusk the trees fall into shadows. The bird hushes his sweet song; You cannot see the meadows, For dusk is started and on it comes. The children stop their playing,

It is time to go to bed: But they must play just one more game And then good-byes are said. Then Mother tucks her babies in. And sound they sleep all night,

For God watches over them Till the sunlight beams in bright. SARAH KATHEYN WOOGWARD. Harrogate, Tenn.



Dear Miss Barrows:

We like our magazines very much. We think the pictures are beautiful, and we like the stories. Mattie is going to play

like the stores. Mattie is going to play the game in her magazine and James is going to frame a picture in his. We all send our best wishes to you. Your little friends, Pupils of 203 A. M. Division,

Second Grade, Raymönd School, Chicago, Ill. TEDDY Bark, Teddy, bark, And eat from my hand. Chase Teddy's tall,

And sit and stand.

See Teddy's tricks—
Don't you like them all?
Run, Teddy, run—
Why he isn't here at all.

NANCY JANE PEAIRS,
NORMAL III.

BOOKS A soft summer breeze And whispering trees, A shady nook With any good book!

It may be of "Little Women," Or "Puss in Boots," Or pirates all a-hunting For some hidden loot. It may be of Huck Finn

With his fishing pole,
Or rascally Tom Sawyer
With his captured gold.
It may be poor Alice,
(Or the Cheshire cat)

Or the funny Mad March Hare With the big and silken hat. There is nothing I wish for more.

I wish for more, Than a great huge stack Of books galore.

Age 11. EMILY McGRE, Columbus, Ga.



OSBY CLARK

#### DREAM MERMAIDS

The moon was brightly shining As I crept from our cottage door. I trod upon the silver sands, And heard the breakers roar.

And as I walked thus, in a trance, I heard a lovely song Come floating from some unknown part. I did not linger long.

I did not linger long.

I hastened to a clump of trees
And there myself I hid.
The meiody so entranced me.

The melody so entranced me, That I scarce knew what I did. And as I watched, behold! My wondering eyes did see

A group of pretty mermaids Not very far from me. I held my breath for fear These lovely creatures would disappear;

Ines lovely creatures would insappear
And then growing bolder
I took but one step near.
They suddenly stopped their music,
And I believe 'twas I they heard.

But I don't know why they should have, For I didn't speak a word.

And they melted away into nothing Those beautiful creatures three, Who were combine their hair and singing

Beside the starlit sea.

Perhaps 'twas just a vision,
But it was beautiful, just the same,
And it filled me with a feeling.

A something I cannot name.

JEAN L BURRELL
Age 12. Stamokin, Pa.



## A Baby's Health

you wash his shirts, bands, and dispers.

Doctors constantly warn against the
use of soaps containing harmful alkali.

If even a little of this alkali remains in
the haby's garment, it may chafe his skin.

Cause painful rashes! That is why baby
doctors advise Lux. They know Lux has no
harmful alkali.

The gentle Lux suds are wonderfully mild, soothing—they present your precious baby's health!



## My Camp Fire Name "Nokla" Means "Little Cook"



Says Bertha Brown, a Child Life reader.

"And Tm sure this proves that I love to cook.

Cooking by Child Life recipes helped me win

some Camp Fire honors. I keep a notebook

of the recipes. It's much more fun to eat

your own cooking than somebody else's."

Other girls like to use the Child Life Kitchen

and Pantry hecause the recipes are so easy.

### FIVE ISSUES FOR \$1.00

Save 75 cents by subscribing to the NEXT FIVE ISSUES of Child Life for one dollar. There'll he more recipes for hot days, holiday pcincies, and lunches. You can read all the new serial "The Inn of the Twin Anchors' and play with the puzzles, games and cutouts. Just return the coupon

CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago
Please send me the next five issues of Child Life. \$1.00 is enclosed.

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below with \$1.00.

State



## COOD CAMES

book of rollicking fun! Games to playany place, any time.



By Jean Hosford Fretwell. Black and white stick-pictures by Keith Ward.

### **GOOD GAMES**

\$2.00 . . . at your bookstore Rand McNally & Co. Publishers - Chicago

### For Baby's Tender Skin Cutieura Taleum Medicated and pure, it prevents chaf-

ing and assures Baby's comfort. Price 25c. Sample free. Address: "Cuticara," Dept. 11K, Malden, Man

Dear CHILD LIFE: How happy I am now! I received the beautiful Play-school Desk Set. My friends all think it is lovely too. I am

glad now that I spent so much time on the contest and I hope you will have another one sometime. Your little friend, CLAIRE THORP, Newton, N. J. Dear Miss Barrows:

I don't see what I could do without my CHILD LIFE. For over nine years I have been taking this delightful book. One of your eager readers,

MAXINE BOONE. (An honorary member) Leesville, La.

Age I3 Dear Miss Barrows:

I enjoy Child Life very much, especially the stories of "Appletree Cottage" and "The Happiest Day." I am sending this letter for my membership card to the Joy Givers' Club. I am not writing as well as usual because I just had my tonsils removed Saturday. While I have been ill my magazine has helped me to get better, with its ioyous stories and things to do more than any kind of medicine.

Age 11.

Your joyous reader, SHIRLEY MITSON. Arlington, N. J.

### Child Life Music Contest (Continued from page 285)

stationed his men in the woods on the "burn," by the stream called "Bannock." Here he told them to fight for the freedom of Scotland as they had done in the days of Wallace. The English made the first attack, but Bruce placed his banner on the famous "bore stone" which rose on the hillton. He ordered his bagpipers to play an old Gaelic war song, "Hei Tutti Tutti," and the men sang with the pipers. So loud was the music that the English, fearing they

were outnumbered, retreated in disorder. And Scotland was free. Four hundred years after the battle of Bannockburn, the great Scotch poet Robert Burns wrote verses which described this fight, and set them to the same old air the men had sung as they were fighting. Burns called his song ......

## Prize Winners in March

Music Contest Charlette James Barbara Knratz Allen Klonck Anne Garolyn Karker Lue Bell Alton Heward Benton, Jr. Foster Bolton Smith Broadbert Melvis Jean Becoks Nancy Brooks

creace Hambwood gills Hecht teley June Helmuth ath Herman

anh Thomas letty Van Aken ithel Van Dient dgars Waterma Sary Alace Weir rances Whate

### Child Life Pantry [Continued from page 288]

Select full-ripe bananas, well flecked with brown spots. Remove peeling and outside fibrous portions. Press banana through coarse sieve. Combine ingredients in order given. Let stand in cold place one half hour before freezing. (If I tablespoon of lemon juice is added to the incredients given above and the grange juice is incressed to 1 cup and sugar to 11/2 cups, another very excellent banana dessert results.) Freeze, using ice cream freezer or automatic refrigerator.

### SPANISH CREAM

z tablespoon gelatin 1/4 cup sugar W cun cold water 3/4 teaspoon salt 34 cup evaporated milk I tesspoon vanilla % cup water 2 egg whites 2 egg yolks Soften gelatin in cold water. Scald the

milk with the second amount of water in a double boiler. Pour slowly onto beaten egg volics, add sugar and salt, return to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Remove from the fire and stir in the gelatin, add vanilla and cool. When the custard has cooled fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into molds neeviously rinsed in cold water and chill thoroughly.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MAN-AGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK 100

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribered during the amounts preceding the data shown shows at (This information is required from daily publications only).

FRED L. MCNALLY (Signature of business manager or owner) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day March, 1952.

M J. STANFON (My commission express December 9, 1934.)

### Roads Alleen Fisher

My road went walking And tumbled down a hill. Yours found a pink house And winds around it still.

But roads like to travel So, probably, some time Yours will go journeying And bump into mine

Mt. Vernon Ohio March 2/04 1932 Dear Singing Lady ; My brothers and I listen to your stories every day and wish you would tell us one on saturday too. I can hardly wait until Monday to come. Please tell a story about Jack Be Nimble and also about the Indians. I will be waiting for my Nursery & Phyme book, Sincerely Tommy Reasoner

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A NE you tuning in the Singing Lady for your children? This is the Kellogg program which was tested out last year over wox in Chicago. It was so popular with thousands of listeners that Mr. W. K. Kellogg decided to make it a national service to mothers, teachers and children and extend it nationally over the N.B.C. Blue Network.

The Singing Lady comes to entertain the children at one of the busiest times in a mother's day—and it's one of the most important times for them to be kept amused and restful; just before the evening meal.

She tells delightful stories, teaches the most fascinating songs. And throughout, she encourages imagination, clean ideals and constructive development. Her work has been endorsed by authorities as one of the finest children's programs ever presented.

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